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GEN

Annice dear.

I just hate you (from your own dictation). Hope you never forget the Belle of "Poly". I hope you will have as good time during vacation as you have in "F. W. C."

Your
Forever
Mary Edda Cox

Fancy Key Marvin
Poly Technic
Texas

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GENEALOGY
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1919

Dearest Annie —

Since in one day's have repeated some little words to you so hear you again — I love you —

Please always remember me — and I am so glad you are coming back next year —

With [illegible]

Fay [illegible]

Dear Annie:

Don't forget this illustrious member of the W'ford bunch in T.W.C. 1919 —

Love — Al —

Almaryce Summons

Weatherford, Tex.

My Dear W'ford Pal:

Here's wishing you a great Vacation — Hurry and come to Bullard.

Remember me of "cell 306" and the good times we've had together.

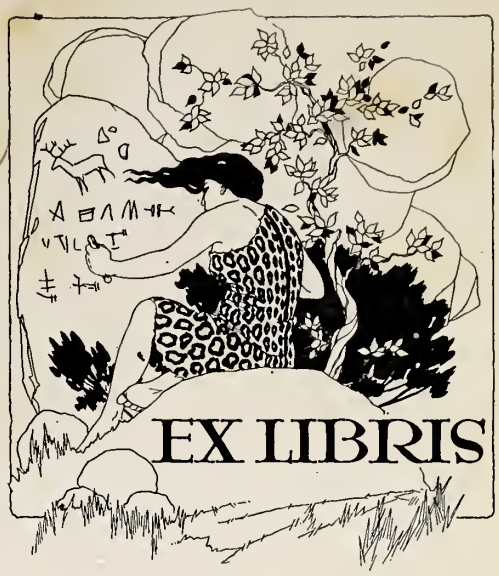
I love you [illegible]

your Helen Lindel

Bullard Texas

Dummey Love, you know
I love you heaps and
stacks and dont ever
even fouget your little (?)
pal whuts named Edie.
I dont know what we
will do without each
other after tomorrow
and we leave T. N. C.

Your pal —
Edith Thineton
Weatherford, Texas.
May 28, 1914 —



[illegible] commute in T.W.C.

Annice to live with you is to know you [illegible] really [illegible] and I have found you to be one of the sweetest of girls I have ever known. You have always been so willing and ready to help me when I needed help. I am so glad we have roomed together, if we had not, I know now I would have [illegible] just "heaps" as we part now we may never be together again as we are now. So Annice where ever you go and what ever you do in life. I hope you the highest and best of everything lovely and good. If ever a real friend you need, you may count on me. I love you. (Lefty)

May 29, 1911. Grace Jordan
W'ford Texas.

The TXWOCO

Published by the
STUDENT BODY OF
TEXAS WOMAN'S COLLEGE
in the year
A.D. 1919

The Modern Woman

Without violating our sense of reason, we may suppose that the position of primitive woman was equal to that of man. But social usages passed into a long period in which woman was reduced to a state of subjection. In time, she became the tiller of the soil, the bearer of burdens, and the keeper of Campfires for her husband—her lord and master. This servile condition reduced woman to a basis in which she was nothing more nor less than property. As such she might be bought or sold. For many, many years woman has unconsciously but steadily been coming to a position of social equality which she formerly enjoyed. This honor which she is coming to possess is not due to any sentimental privilege bestowed upon her by man, but rests upon the genuine service she has rendered the race. In science and in art; in work and in play; in war and in peace; in church and in state, she has proved herself worthy of a place—not superior to man nor inferior to man, but certainly equal to man.

This idea of the modern woman's social development has been depicted in the sketches leading the several Books of the Annual. To fully appreciate the plan one must pass from one sketch to another in rapid succession.

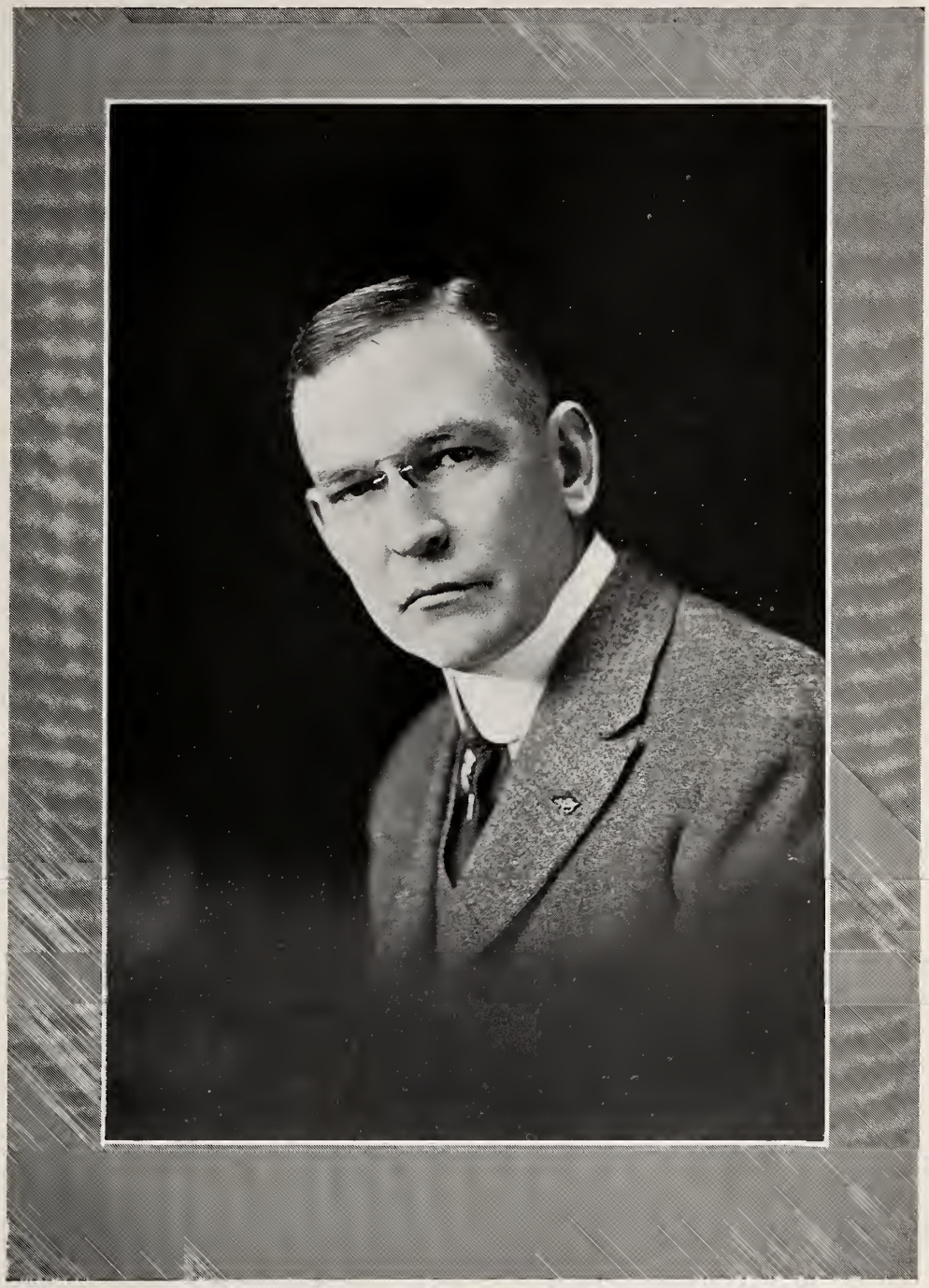
FOREWORD

We, the TXWOCO staff of 1919, submit the results of our efforts for your consideration.

Bon jour!

DEDICATION

TO
DR. J. D. YOUNG
THIS THE FIFTH VOLUME
OF THE TXWOCO
IS MOST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



J. D. YOUNG, D. D.

ORDER OF BOOKS

BOOK I—ADMINISTRATION
BOOK II—THE CAMPUS
BOOK III—CLASSES
BOOK IV—FINE ARTS
BOOK V—ORGANIZATIONS
BOOK VI—COLLEGE YEAR

ADMINISTRATION

DR. H. E. STOUT, PRESIDENT

DR. H. E. STOUT

At the opening of the second term of this school year, Mr. H. E. Stout was elected President of Texas Woman's College to succeed President J. D. Young. President Stout comes to us from Howard-Payne College at Fayette, Missouri, where he was President for thirteen years. The loss to Howard-Payne is a gain to Texas Woman's College. President Stout has a keen interest in all the activities of the college. Every girl loves her new "College Daddy" and now feels as if he had always belonged to her. We have every reason to believe that President Stout will be a most potent factor in the continuous growth and development of Texas Woman's College.

MR. E. D. JENNINGS
Dean

MISS ADA BELLE STAPLETON
Dean of Women

MR. CARL VENTH
Dean of Fine Arts

MIRIAM ANDERSON
Science

MABLE BABBINGTON
Piano

J. D. BOON
Science

J. B. BISHOP
Latin

EMMA P. CARR
Art

MAX DAEHLER
Piano

MABLE HARE
Romance Languages

VERA FOREMAN
Domestic Science

C. M. HOWARD
Mathematics

ANDREW HEMPHILL
Voice

FAY KERLIN
Expression

IRA C. KIKER
Sociology

SALLIE BELLE MATTHEWS
Piano

ETHEL MOORE
English

JESSE B. MILLSAP
Expression

PAULINE PINKNEY
Domestic Art

MRS. J. H. SMITH
Principal of Academy

GYPSY TED SULLIVAN
Voice

FLORENCE STULKEN
Commercial Training

RACHEL TANDY
Science and Spanish

MRS. CARL VENTH
Piano

ETHEL WILSON
French

MARIAN WITT
English

MRS. M. E. ANDERSON
Bursar

MRS. J. M. BERRY
Matron

MRS. IVA CLEMENS
Chaperon

KATHERINE HARPER
Dietition

MRS. ALICE KNIGHTEN
Chaperon

MRS. M. A. PARKER
Marton

MRS. ANNE RATLIFF
Matron

MRS. HENRETTA SCOTT
Nurse

MRS. MARIAN WITT
Matron

MRS. M. C. GOODMAN
Librarian

MARTHA BLAKE
English

IN

MEMORIAM

MRS. W. M. GREENMAN

Died October 21, 1918

The CAMPUS

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

ACADEMY

ANN WAGGONER HALL

DAN WAGGONER HALL

CONSERVATORY

MULKEY HALL

GYMNASIUM

POLYTECHNIC METHODIST CHURCH

CLASSES

SENIORS

THE SPIRIT OF THE CLASS OF 1919

The eyes begin to close
And nature seeks repose;
A tide of sleep comes rolling through the dark
And fancy takes the helm and drives the bark
Out into the ocean of her dreams.

Zoom, zoom, zoom, what shapes are these that fly?
Zoom, zoom, zoom, the years are fleeting by;
They go like mile posts rushing past,
And blend behind a solid mass;
So swift it seems is scarce can be
That nineteen fifty comes to me.

Once again I walk the college halls,
Once again I see her sacred walls:
But scenes have changed from days of yore,
The ones I've known I see no more.
Amid the happy throngs I feel deserted
And look for friends long since departed.

What was that I saw or seemed to see,
With form like things that used to be?
Was it a face in ghostly dress?
My eyes are growing dim, I guess.
The years, most sure, will have their weight.
We can't escape this earthly fate.

The classes meet, the work goes on,
A happy, busy, cheerful throng.
Old time has wrought a change indeed,
He's brought the funds for every need.
With fame and fortune at her feet
She stands a college, full, complete.

But look! What is that I see?
What vision comes to me?
I see it flit from face to face,
Not here, nor there, but every place;
In lecture room, and social hall,
I see it lead them one and all.

How strange my eyes should fail so fast,
I must be dreaming of the past.
The past, the past, what days we spent
In life so full, in life content;
Can one who lived such days forget
Their magic thrill and merriment?

Again I see the vision rise and fall;
It's leading on a game of basket ball.
The team is fed by power unseen,
It seems like magic in a dream;
For though they feel the wondrous thrill,
The vision works unknown and still.

Lost in rapture in the game
I ask to learn a player's name.
I feel so sure that long before
I've seen her play upon that floor:
I've seen the sportly act so fair,
That marks the true sportsman everywhere.

The name's unknown to me;
'Tis strange I cannot see.
I thought I saw that one so clear,
But now alone I'm sitting here.
Alone, alone, with scores on every hand;
Alone, like one who walks a foreign land.

Alone? Alone? Ah no!
I see the vision come and go.
Who art thou that flits across my fancy's screen?
"I am the spirit of the class of nineteen nineteen."
Yes, but nineteen nineteen long ago has past;
The girls are gone as leaves before the autumn blast.

"I was born when they were here,
And I've lived on from year to year.
Spirit of their spirits, souls of their souls,
I've played the games, and won the goals,
And as a spirit, I must ever be,
And live throughout eternity."

The vision vanished; thus ends my dream.
'Tis once again nineteen nineteen.

NAOMI ADAMS, B. A.
"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye."

THELMA ANDERSON, B. A.
"Those deep, dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through."

GEM COWLING, B. A.
"Your name is great in mouths of wisest censure."

MAUDE COLVIN, B. A.
"She sleeps and smiles between her thoughts,
Hence she sleeps and smiles a lot."

ALICE GROVES, B. A.
"Blushing is the color of virtue."

HAZEL FISHER, B. A.
"Gentle of speech, beneficient of mind."

CLEO GEORGE, B. A.
"She hath a sunny nature that is sought like a flower in a dark place, searching for the light."

FLOY GREENMAN, B. A., B. O.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

LESSIE GOODNER, B. A.
"Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

ROWENA KINCANNON, B. A.
"The best of life is conversation."

MARY McKEOWN, B. A.
"She was active, stirring, all fire—
Could not rest, could not tire."

MARY LYONS, B. A.
"She mixes the wines of pleasure in the cup of wisdom."

MRS. McCORD HARRISON, B. A.
"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

MARTICIA REYNOLDS, B. A.
"Away with your worry, come on with your fun."

RUBY SIMPSON, B. A.
"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a star."

MRS. J. H. SMITH, B. A.
"God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman."

MINNIE WILSON, B. A.
"A tender heart and a will inflexible."

TESS ALEXANDER, F. A.
"The soul reveals itself in the voice only."

KATHERINE COLLIE, F. A.
"The daintiest, last to make the end most sweet."

KATHERINE HEYN, F. A.
"The mirror of all courtesy."

MARJORIE GOODMAN, F. A.
"Her dark eyes—how eloquent?
Ask what they would, 'twas granted."

LELA NAUGLE, F. A.
"It is through Art and through Art only
that we can realize our perfection."

MAUDE KENNEDY, F. A.
"Fine Art is that in which the hand, the
head and the heart go together."

ANNIE LAURA PEYTON, F. A.
Happy am I, from care I am free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

ELLA GAINES PARKER, F. A.
"And that smile, like sunshine, darts into many sunny hearts."

ELVA MAE STEPHENS, B. O.
"She moves a goddess, she looks a queen."

PAULINE JORDAN, B. O.
"The living voice is that which sways the soul."

JEWEL BETHANY, B. M.
"Is not music the food of love?"

THELMA McLEMORE, B. M.
"She who brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from herself."

MIRA QUIMBY, B. M.
"Silence sweeter is than speech."

ESTHER SPEER, B. M.
"Is she not passing fair?"

JUNIORS

JUNIOR '19

The Junior class possesses more beauty, originality, enthusiasm, and grace than any other class in school. It is properly called "the all-dispenser of pep."

Why, there's not a single ugly girl in the class! If the girls do not possess beauty of features, they have such wonderful personalities that they will win admiration anywhere they go.

Originality—who starts all the unexpected things in school? Who does the unusual? Who composes the "originality advisory council?" The Juniors do.

The Junior class has more "pep" per capita than any class. They've just got it, that's all.

This class has all kinds of geniuses. Of course, some of them have not been recognized yet except by fellow classmen. There are geniuses in literary work, art, piano, expression, voice, violin, and "home-makers."

As for grace, why who is the most graceful member of the basketball team? A Junior is, of course. This charming characteristic is not limited to just one member. The whole class possesses it.

The fame of this Junior class of '19 will long be remembered. As a Junior class, let us not prophecy too much; yet we all realize that the future holds great things in store for each of us.

HELEN KINCANNON
Bruceville, Texas

NELL KERR
Pecos, Texas

NORMA KELLY
Granbury, Texas

RUTH JONES
Talihina, Okla.

SUE LEACH
Weatherford, Texas

OPAL McELHANNON
Prosper, Texas

JOHNNIE PIRKLE
San Antonio, Texas

EWELL GARY
Colorado, Texas

LORINA HARRISON
Fort Worth, Texas

WESLEY HORN
Fort Worth, Texas

ANNA LEA GARDNER
Fort Worth, Texas

WILLIE GALIGA
Midlothian, Texas

FLORICE GARLINGTON
Bowie, Texas

LUCILE GARLINGTON
Bowie, Texas

THELMA DEES
Midlothian, Texas

JEWELL FURR
Breckenridge, Texas

VIRGINIA BRENNAND
Vernon, Texas

MODENA BELEW
Midlothian, Texas

MARGARET CASTLEBURY
Vernon, Texas

CALLIE EDDINS
Cooper, Texas

CHRISTINE STUCKEY
Decatur, Texas

HELEN TINDEL
Bullard, Texas

WINIFRED SMITH
Polytechnic, Texas

ALMARENE SIMMONS
Weatherford, Texas

LORITA SIMMONS
Weatherford, Texas

MAURINE MARTEL
Fort Worth, Texas

BELL WRIGHT
Wortham, Texas

MARTHA WOOD
Polytechnic, Texas

AGNES WHITE
Hamilton, Texas

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORES

In September of 1917, we, the Sophomores of today, ventured over the threshold of Texas Woman's College, a bunch of wide-eyed, timid Freshmen, and proceeded shyly to wet our feet in the sea of knowledge. We didn't venture very far at first, but hovered, either singly or in tiny groups, near the shore, and looked longingly at the groups of upper classmen, who sped laughingly by with the air of ease and self-confidence which is at once the envy and dismay of all self-conscious, homesick Freshmen.

We didn't stand long with our fingers in our mouths, however. Gradually, we found our places, and by the middle of the first term we were firmly settled, and considered ourselves an all-important part of college life.

Time passed all too swiftly, and the following September found us one step higher up the ladder towards our goal, the cap and gown and the privilege of writing our names Miss T. W. C. Senior, A. B.

As Sophomores of Texas Woman's College, we have stood at all times for the best interests of the school. We have endeavored to enter into all school activities, whether social, intellectual, athletic, or religious, with zeal and enthusiasm.

Consequently, it has been a year long to be remembered by every one of us. Sometime, in the not distant future, when we shall have donned the Senior dignity along with the caps and gowns, we may forget that once in the dim recesses of the past we were simple, unassuming Freshmen, but never will we forget that we were Sophomores.

When next year shall have passed, and we shall enter upon the year 1920-21, we hope to be the "peppiest," livest, most wide awake Senior class that our college has ever turned out—a class that will put T. W. C. on the map!

CARMEN CRAIN, Nocona, Texas

LUCILE KUYKENDALL, Waxahachie, Texas

FLOSSIE HINDMAN, Fort Worth, Texas

AUGIE MAE LEE, Gaford, Texas

MARY FEE, Cisco, Texas

JESSIE M. GEORGE, Burkburnett, Texas

ERNESTINE BOLIN, Blackwell, Texas

ROSA VAUGHN BROOKS, Wharton, Texas

MATTIE MAE GLOVER, Fort Worth, Texas

ADDIE FEE, Cisco, Texas

MARTHA M. WEBB, Polytechnic, Texas

LOUISE MATTHEWS, Polytechnic, Texas

MAYBERRY SPELLINGS, Jefferson, Texas

MIRIAM RABY, Gatesville, Texas

GRACE SKELTON, Frost, Texas

LENORA SOUTH, Rice, Texas

FAY RICE, Midlothian, Texas

BLANCHE SORELS, Fort Worth, Texas

MAURINE RICE, Clovis, New Mex.

REBECCA SCOTT, Fort Worth, Texas

MARY L. DICKINSON, Polytechnic, Texas

WILLA MAE BETHANY, Polytechnic,

EVA ADAMS, Jacksboro, Texas

MARVIN INGRAHAM, West, Texas

VIOLET HEASLEY, Whitt, Texas

RUBY PARKS, Clifton, Texas

FANNY VANCE, Throckmorton, Texas

GRACE TANCRED, Wichita Falls, Texas

ONA MAE SUMPTER, Fort Worth, Texas

RAYWILL SMITH, Fort Worth, Texas

U S
Mail
FRESHMEN

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

"Look at them!" the upper classmen whispered in condescending pity, as scores of scared, awkward, frantic Freshmen rushed for registration cards, argued over entrance credits, moaned at the mention of entrance examinations, pored over schedules, and at last settled down with tired, frightened, homesick expressions on their faces.

Perhaps it was the likeness to former openings, or perhaps it was the hopelessness of the poor strangers that moved those same upper classmen. At any rate, a few days later they descended from their assumed dignity and consoled the timid Freshmen by visiting them, and by assuring them that the worst was yet to come.

Though in the beginning this seemed thoughtful in such superior beings, the Freshmen soon decided that the best way to become Seniors, Juniors, or even Sophomores was to start out at once. When their tears were dried and powdered over, and their knees, though still shaky, were able to hold them up, they called a meeting for election of officers. Although no one knew anyone else, competent officers were chosen. The Freshmen had become a class! What courage came with that knowledge!

Then came a period of calm. The new students became a part of Texas Woman's College. Great stores of History, English, Mathematics, Science, and foreign language entered their brains. Societies, athletic teams, and clubs were enriched by their work. They had found their places.

The awakening from this calm was cruel, indeed. To the unsuspecting Freshmen came the announcement of final examinations. They were stunned! Examinations! Why had they not heard of them before? In High School they had been warned months and months ahead. Why had no teacher reminded them now? Then came the memory of that awful warning of the upper classmen, "The worst is yet to come." It had come! The Freshmen were forced to cram!

The examinations were worse than their fears. It was not that the Freshmen knew so very little (for why should they not know a great deal after so much cramming?), but that the teachers asked such unreasonable questions. They wanted everyone to fail! Somehow, most of the Freshmen passed. They were ready for the second term.

From that time on, the Freshman class has greatly developed. Miss Stapleton has hope for a great historical novel from her first-year history class. She knows it must come from the Freshman class, for has it not attended most faithfully to its outside readings? From Miss Witt's class will come famous poets and prose-writers. Why will they not—after the Freshmen have conquered Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and Lamb's Essays"? In this one class is material for great women of every profession. With such development in so short a time, who can say what the Freshman class will do?

Then, "Look at them," the upper classmen will whisper in respectful awe, as scores of world-famous women (once the much scorned Freshmen) look down at them with condescending smiles.

SPEARS
TYSON
G.SIMS
URQUHART
SUGGS
SWAFFORD
TERRILL
TAYLOR
WINSTON
WATSON
SPEARMAN
B.SIMS
SMITH
TURK
O.THOMPSON
SLOVER
WHITE
I.WATSON
WARREN
V.THOMPSON
STURGES

SEARS
M.MARTIN
MAYO
RANKIN
MORGAN
PAFFORD
MARTIN
LAWRANCE
McCORD
LEEMAN
MALONE
McINTOSH
McSHAN
MAJORS
LEE
NOE
PORTER
PERRY
LEACH
LASSITER
JORDAN

FLOURNOY
HALL
HENDERSON
LONG
HAMBRIGHT
DEES
FARMER
FRANKLIN
HILLBURN
KIRKLAND
GOWAN
HARRISON
INGRAHAM
EASLEY
DONTHIT
HARREL
ERNEST
HARRIS
HINER
HURLEY
GRIMMET

BOURLAND
BARNUM
ANDREWS
BOBO
COPELAND
ADAMS
COLLINS
COX
M. CARLISLE
ALEXANDER
BELL
COWELL
P. CARLISLE
BARTLETT
BAGLEY
COFFMAN
CARPENTER
ANDERSON
DAVIS
BAKER
CLARK
CREWS

SENIOR PREPS

A SENIOR'S FORECAST

The day was the sort of day that calls one to leave books and work and come out into the sunshine. The birds were singing sweetly as they made their nests under the eaves of the houses or in the trees. The grass was a brilliant green and the fruit trees were filled with pink and white blossoms. And Fate was so unkind as to ask me to finish a geometry note-book on a day like this! I sighed, gathered up my books, two college pillows and went out into the yard. I made myself a comfortable little nest at the foot of the big pear tree and settled down to work. It was very hard to keep still and to work originals—! Presently I yawned lazily, slammed the book, and leaned back against the pillows.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Wonder if I'll ever get through! Believe I'll stop and wish a bit! Wish number one: I wish this book was full of future things instead of polygons and triangles!"

Hardly had I said this when a stirring of leaves startled me. There, at my side, stood the daintiest little creature imaginable! Her beauty filled me with awe and I sat very still until she spoke in a soft voice that sounded as the tingling of tiny silver bells.

"Maiden, the queen of the Fairies has heard and granted your wish. She, too, had to study geometry once and she knows how it wears on one's nerves. This book will show you a little of the future. Farewell!"

She laughed another silvery laugh and vanished, leaving me with my eyes as big as saucers and my mouth wide open!

I opened the book and upon the first page written in large, golden letters, I found a short history of the Senior class in the Academy. I belonged to this class, and though I was probably among the greatest in the eyes of our high and mighty college sisters, I professed to be a loyal member.

"This is the book of the future. The Seniors of the Academy of 1919 shall gain honors in all things. Out of this class shall come great women who will awaken new interest in educational, social and religious movements. There will be leaders in athletics, scientists, musicians, and others whose names shall live forever in the hearts of their countrymen. What ever this class shall try to do, in that they shall succeed. Fate has been kind to its members."

I turned the page and saw a wonderful country home in the midst of its large oaks and well kept lawns. In its large and spacious library, Eva Smith, our class President of '19, was planning a new novel. It seemed she had become the most noted of American writers.

I turned the page. Here was an opera house filled to its limits with a wildly cheering throng. The actress whose praise they shouted was none other than Alleen Kuykendall.

Lurie Foster appeared next in a large, white laboratory. She had become the most noted of women scientists in all the land and was one of Uncle Sam's most loyal helpers.

But who is this dainty little lady, dressed in sport skirt, smock, cap and rubber boots, who tramps over the country finding all kinds of things about plants and animals, and who has in her laboratories everything from a Mammoth Butterfly to a white Chinese rat? O, ho, 'tis our "Class Baby," Willie Cody!

Lucile Blume, I find, had become a comedian in the movies and was fast threatening to fill Charlie Chaplin's place in the hearts of fun-lovers.

Let me see—I know this tall fair-haired woman! Why, to be sure! Claudilea Ledger! And she has reached her heart's desires, too! The first was to be one of the champion basketball players, and the other, to have a little home all her own in which to live and love her black-eyed husband.

Grace Fuller was having the time of her gay, young life traveling through sunny Italy—in search of health, so she said!

Our adorable little Lila May Harwell, what of her? Ah! She was happy and satisfied with life. She was living in a cunning bungalow with her very loving young husband whom we know—perhaps!

Frances Knight was having a gay time in beautiful old Spain. We know Frances loved to speak espanol! Such a time she was having in Granada, painting some of those beautiful old scenes!

Nannie Belle Bass had won America's heart in one short week with her splendid dialect readings, and her fame was still rising higher.

Who would have thought of our jolly Mary Sue as a doctor? Not I, I'm sure! But that is what she was and over her door you might have seen "Doctor M. S. Cogdell" in large letters. She was steadily rising in fame to compete with the famous Mayo Brothers of America.

Elizabeth Means had turned her talents to ranching. With the aid of her tall, young husband, whose name we might guess if we chose, she was making a great success.

Sarah Smith had given her life to missions and was greatly beloved by her people in far-away China.

Esther Ruth Jackson was making quite a hit as a "butterfly" in society and her marriage with one of New York's best millionaires was a very important subject in that city.

I turned the page and there I saw the Academy Senior Class as it is today—a merry crowd of girls. From the ranks stepped a brown-haired girl who sang out merrily: "Come on, girls! Let's give fifteen rahs for our class!"

As the joyous shouts rang out, a strange thing happened. The names all seemed to fade into nothing, save one. The owner called laughingly: "Well, will you look at the lady-of-leisure! Wake up, old sleepy-head!"

I rubbed my eyes; above me stood Eva, laughing at me. She sat down by me and I told her of my queer dream. She laughed merrily at the idea of her being an author, and we discussed it from all points of view. After she had gone, I wondered if all the prophesies in the book would come true; as the Spanish would say, "Quien sabe?"

SMITH, JESSIE
CRAWFORD, MARGUERITE
JOHNSON, ALICE
COOPER, OLIVIA
HARWELL, LILA MAE
FOSTER, LAURIE
HIGHTOWER, GEORGIA
FULLER, GRACE
KNIGHT, FRANCES
SMITH, SARAH
GATES, DOROTHY

MATTHEWS, EDNA
BARRETT, KATE
BASS, NANNIE BELLE
LEDGER, CLAUDIA LEE
MATHIS, JEWEL
SEARGEANT, LOIS
KUYKENDALL, ALLEEN
SOUTHERLAND, LUCILE
POWELL, HAZEL
PERKINS, IONE
FOY, ESTHER

SMITH, EVA
BERTRAND, AGNES
OTT, MARIE
SIMMS, MARIAN
COGDELL, MARY SUE
BOBO, CLOVO
BLAIR, LOIS
CARLISLE, FERN
BLOOM, LUCILE
CODY, WILIE
CASWELL, MARGARET

THE ACADEMY SENIOR SPEAKS

(With apologies to Kipling)

When you've cheered the college Seniors,
Have admired their gowns and caps,
And the vari-colored tassels on the same,
Let your eye keep on a-wandering
To us modest little chaps,
Who really think we also merit fame.
We are quiet, little seniors from your own Academy,
But we've worked and made some wrinkles on our brain.
At the grind-wheel skinned our shoulders
Till they're raw as raw can be,
Got a hint of learning's pleasures, learning's pains.
With one, two and three, with quizzes everywhere,
English themes and history notes
Of Angles, Saxons, Slavs, and Jutes.
So doff your hats to us one and all
And cheer! cheer! cheer!

We're a modest crowd of youngsters
And we make no pompous claims;
We know that we have not yet reached the top.
But we're proud of this white mile-stone
Where we pause to write our names.
High school's finished, but we don't intend to stop.
But although we're not conceited,
And our modesty is great,
We can't forbear to mention by the way,
That to get here was not easy. We again enumerate
The burdens we sweat under day by day:
Gym practice, china painting, music lessons by the score,
Punching names at chapel when we long to be elsewhere,
Oratory, theory—we do not need to mention more?
So doff your hats to our Senior class
And cheer! cheer! cheer!

ACADEMY

PREP ROUNDUP

The Academy of Texas Woman's College, more commonly known as the "Prep," has been indeed a live wire this year. The organization of the student body was perfected early in the year with Edna Matthews as president. The "Baby Preps" are well organized and promise to be a "howling bunch."

The Juniors are already planning to be the strongest Senior class in 1920 that the school has ever sent out.

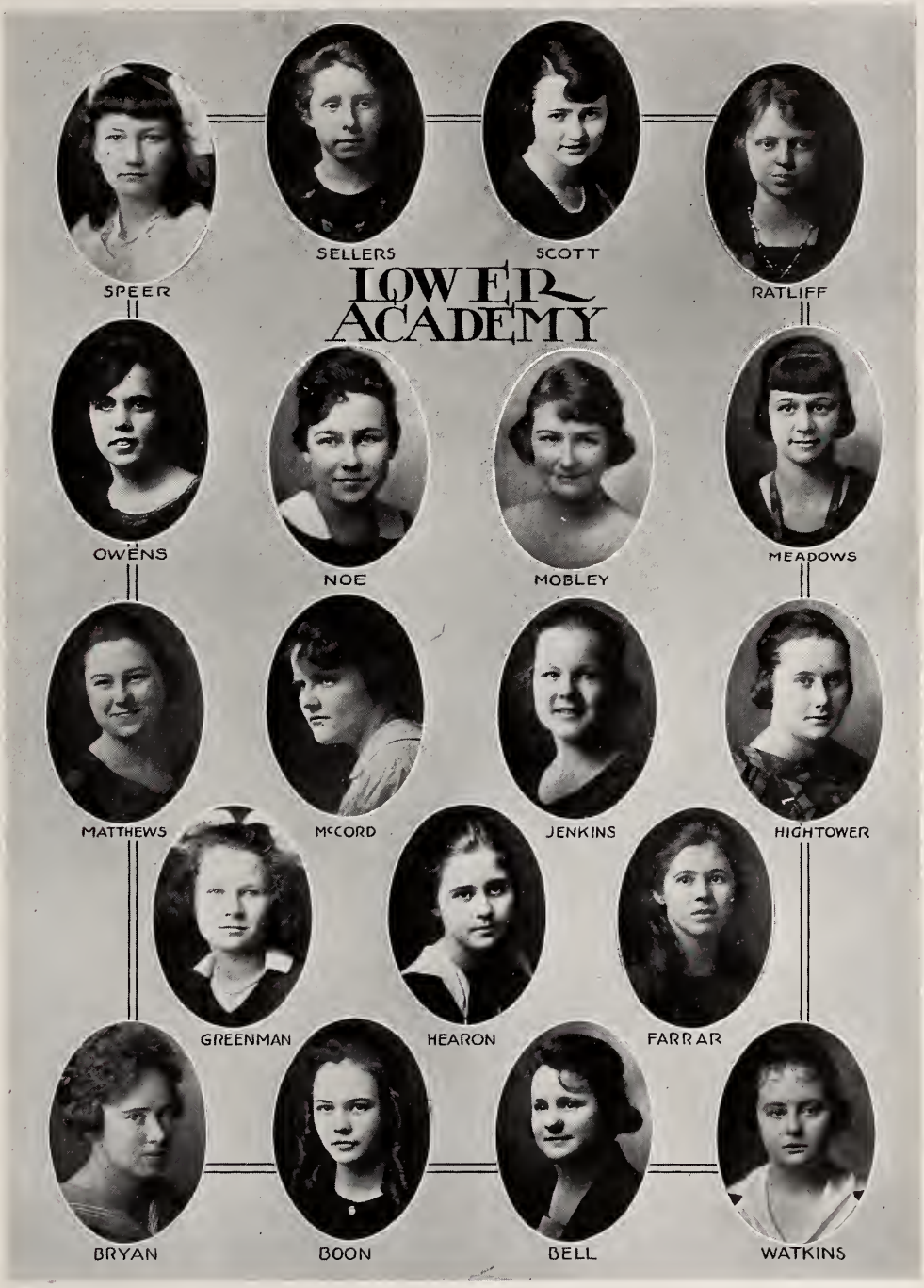
The Seniors with Eva Smith as president are just as clever as they are strong in numbers. This class of forty girls is made up of some of the prettiest, smartest and most popular girls in school. Our Senior Preps are live wires in all the activities of the school and will have to be reckoned with as college Freshies next year.

The Wilsonian Literary Society has contributed much this year to the life of the school. Early in the season they turned themselves into a "'N'Everything Circus." The show was patronized extensively and when the various innnings were all tabulated they found themselves one hundred and thirty dollars to the good. They have fitted up a beautiful club room in the Academy building and many delightful and helpful meetings have been held there.

The Preps consider themselves the real foundation of the school and remembering the importance of their school in this respect are doing on the whole, faithful and creditable work.

The Prep faculty belongs wholly to the Prep girls. The girls love them, criticise them, scold them, and cause them any number of hours of anxious agony, but every Prep girl stands for our faculty everywhere and all the time. Long may they continue to scold us and love us.

Now before "finis" comes in, let us deliver a warning to the College of Liberal Arts. You just watch us grow into sure-enough college girls and take honors of all kinds right off the bat. We are on the job to stay!


LOWER ACADEMY
SPEER
SELLERS
SCOTT
RATLIFF
OWENS
NOE
MOBLEY
MEADOWS
MATTHEWS
McCORD
JENKINS
HIGHTOWER
GREENMAN
HEARON
FARRAR
BRYAN
BOON
BELL
WATKINS

Fine Arts

MUSIC

The Fine Arts Department of Texas Woman's College provides some unique features which appeal to all serious minded students. Music, painting, and expression are emotional arts, but have also distinct intellectual characteristics which have served to bring the best of teachers as heads of the various departments in Texas Woman's College.

The growth and advancement of the College of Fine Arts in the last few years has been marvelous. Texas Woman's College has secured a faculty for this department second to none in the Southwest. The directors are men and women of reputation. They are selected with a view to giving the young women of the college the best of instruction.

Carl Venth, Dean of the Fine Arts Department, is a musician and composer of national renown. Since he himself has known the world of musicians through close personal contact, his own reputation is likewise not restricted to any one locality. Mr. Venth's early training was in the famous Cologne Conservatory. He has had an American career since 1880 and has been an unsurpassed asset to the higher culture of Texas Woman's College for the past five years. His compositions have created a stir in the modern musical world. With a man of Dean Venth's intellectual qualifications and unusual musical abilities as a Director, the Fine Arts Department of Texas Woman's College can do nothing but prosper.

Max Daehler, Director of the Piano Department, comes to us from Switzerland. After completing the highest courses his country had to offer, Mr. Daehler brings the inspiration of Ganz's masterful mind and musical technic. He appeared in concert January 15 at the Chamber of Commerce and delighted a large Fort Worth audience with his fluent technic and unique musicianship. During his stay in Texas Woman's College, Mr. Daehler has stimulated the musical atmosphere and has been a source of inspiration to his pupils and friends.

Miss Emma P. Carr, the head of the Art Department, brings to her work the benefit of years of practical application of the splendid training which she received as a graduate pupil in the Chicago Art Institute, of the Art League of New York, and as a pupil of the noted artist and teacher, Chase, of New York. Miss Carr has endeared herself to the faculty and student body of Texas Woman's College, not only because of her ability but for those qualities of friendly interest and helpfulness which means so much.

The aim of Miss Jessie Millsaps, the head of the Expression Department, is to secure naturalness and sincerity in reading and speaking, to develop individuality, and to obtain freedom from self-consciousness in her pupils, and she more than accomplishes her purpose. Miss Millsaps is an exponent of the Curry School of Expression in Boston, and has raised the standard of the Department of Expression in Texas Woman's College wonderfully in the short time she has been here. The practical value of her work is shown in the splendid plays and programs that are given under her direction in the college auditorium.

Andrew Hemphill is an authorized exponent of the De Reszke method of voice training and culture. He studied in Paris with Jean De Reszke and has done advanced work with some of the foremost artists in America. Mr. Hemphill not only sings with unusual emotional powers and technical perfection, but is an experienced and capable teacher as well. He has given to Fort Worth and Texas Woman's College several pupils of marked artistic and musical abilities. Mr. Hemphill makes it his custom to organize a Glee Club at the beginning of each season for all voice pupils and other students with good voices.

VIOLIN

VOICE

A SIMMONS
W. SMITH
SEARS
TINDEL
KELLY
MALONE
MAYO
RATLIFF
MARTAIN
LASSITER
JOHNSON
HALLMARK
HARRISON
GATHINGS
DANIELS
CODY
COLEY
BRYANT
ADKISSON

PIANO

EXPRESSION

SUGGS
POWELL
MATTHEWS
KUYKENDALL
CRAWFORD
FURR
DEES
CASTLEBURY
CASWELL
BERTRAND
BARTLETT
BASS

EXPRESSION

ART

ART

ATHLETICS

MISS ANDERSON

"PEP"

The person who composed the song "T. W. C. Has the Pep" certainly hit the nail on the head. T. W. C. has the pep from the biggest thing which concerns the college to the smallest. Every girl feels that she is vitally interested in everything which relates to her college. She is ready to stand behind it at all times. A person who is knocking T. W. C. had better be careful not to talk before a T. W. C. girl.

What college besides T. W. C. would have sent its entire student body to meet a defeated team, cheering them just as if they had won 50 to 0, then celebrating them with bonfires and dinners?

Where can a president be found who is as interested in everything pertaining to the college as our own President Stout? Who can ever forget the part he played in the first C. I. A.—T. W. C. game, when he had been with us scarcely a month? One main goal which the team always worked for was to make President Stout proud of them. In all our activities he stands behind the girls sympathizing and encouraging.

Where can a basketball team be found composed of better sports than at T. W. C.? Although we made a losing fight for the Championship each girl was a real sport. Her motto was: "To lose is terrible but to be a bad loser is tragic." Our tennis team, which goes to Austin, will help, also, to demonstrate the school spirit and sportsmanship to be found at T. W. C.

Where besides T. W. C. can an athletic association be found composed of the entire student body and teachers, with each member taking an active part? Where can a better set of officers be found than these?

Gem Cowling—President.
Faye Rice—Vice-President.
Willie Galiga—Secretary-Treasurer.
Grace Jordan—Representative to TXWOCO.
Mary Lyons—Senior Representative.
Almaryne Simmons—Junior Representative.
Rebecca Scott—Sophomore Representative.
Edith Winston—Freshman Representative.
Marion Simms—Academy Representative.

In fact, where can a college be found with more real pep than Texas Woman's College?

If defeat has been our bill,
We will meet you again next Fall;
Yes—and beat you, too, we will—
We are cheerful one and all.

GAMES

T. W. C.	37	C. I. A.	16
T. W. C.	16	C. I. A.	39
T. W. C.	21	E. T. C.	21
T. W. C.	9	S. M. U.	30
T. W. C.	13	S. M. U.	42

ORGANIZATIONS

FREDDA HENDERSON
"Jack"
Forward
Weight 138 Height 5-5
"A quick basket shooter"

GRACE JORDAN
"Lefty"
(Running) Center
Weight 119 Height 5-3
"Light but on the job"

OMA THOMPSON
"Thompsy"
Forward
Weight 125 Height 5-7
"A consistent player"

FAYE RICE
"Fe"
Captain Guard
Weight 138 Height 5-6
"A hard man to handle"

ALMARYNE SIMMONS
"Al"
Manager
Weight 121 Height 5-5
"A manager among managers"

GEM COWLING
"Jimmy"
(Jumping) Center
Weight 124 Height 5-4
"A quick man full of vim"

GLADYS RANKIN
"Peter"
Guard
Weight 141 Height 5-6
"Always delivers the goods"

CLAUDALEE LEDGER
"Claude"
(Sub) Guard
Weight 139 Height 5-6
"Always on the move"

LORETA SIMMONS
"Sis"
(Sub) Center
Weight 121 Height 5-8
"A loyal supporter"

BROOKS
COWLING
J.M.GEORGE
C.GEORGE
S.LEACH
M.McKEOWN
PIRKLE
McLEMORE
L.SIMMONS
SPELLINGS
ADAMS

YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The aim of the Young Woman's Christian Association is the promotion and the development of Christian ideals among the students of our college. We aim to promote social, intellectual and religious activity. We want to develop every girl in our college so that she may realize her dreams of a happy college life.

In social activities, we have worked to accomplish our aim, for it is by association with one another that we broaden our lives. The members of the organization had social betterment in mind, when, on the opening days of the fall term, the new girls were served punch during the warm hours of registration. The procedure of registration over, a gymnasium party afforded an excellent opportunity for old girls and new girls to form their friendship. Every old girl invited and escorted two new girls to the gymnasium. The cool, brisk mornings of the early fall so gladdened our hearts and livened our steps that one fine morning we hiked to Glenwood Park, where we toasted our own breakfast over the coals of a camp-fire. Tennis and other games added to the delight of the morning.

Young men, too, are of interest to a college girl. Is there one of us who will forget the Halloween party when we introduced our friends to our college life? Even this delightful party was rivaled by one which will linger long in the hearts of our Seniors, the Valentine Party, given them by Association cabinet.

We have been unusually fortunate this year, too, in the opportunities for intellectual development. In a joint meeting of our Association cabinet with the cabinet of Texas Christian University, Miss Margaret Cecils, of New York, the National Student Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, and our own Miss Grace Louckes, of Dallas, talked to us about our responsibility as college leaders and our wonderful opportunities for Christian service. Dr. Martin, from Barron Field, has visited us, and strengthened our minds by a discussion of the three phases of Association work; namely: spirit, mind and body. Miss Bess Gatewood, a deaconess of the Methodist Church, also talked to us and thrilled us with experiences of the mission field. But the most valuable progress in intellectual pursuits was made when Dr. Caroline Crosedale, of Philadelphia, gave a series of lectures on sex hygiene and ideal womanhood.

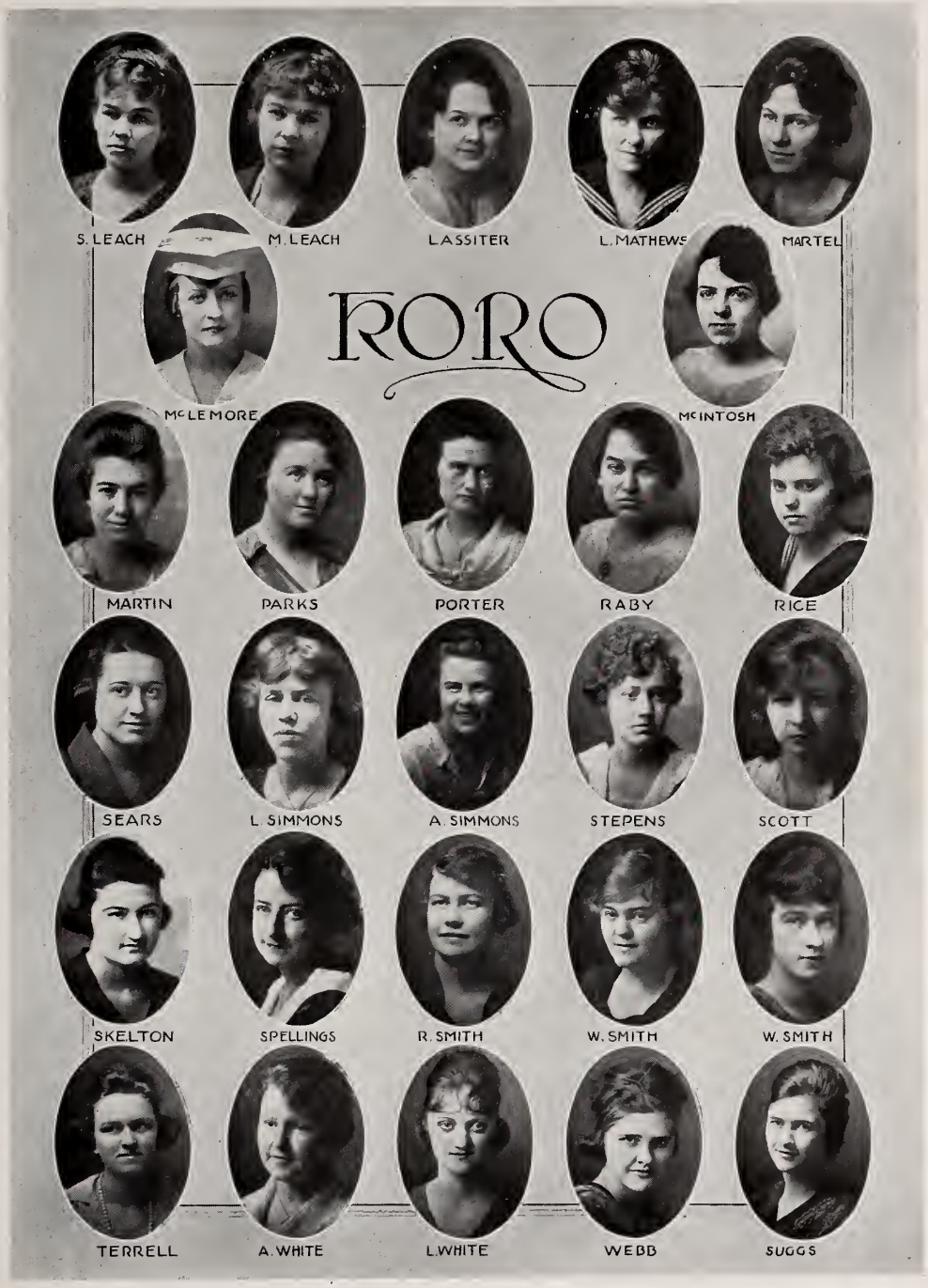
Our social service work has added many attractive features to the religious work. Gymnasium classes and sewing classes were organized among the children of the Wesley House, and by means of games we have sought to develop the spirit of play among them. Every girl in college contributed to the happiness of these children by adopting a child for her

Christmas, and by sending to that child a small Christmas present. A large number of gifts were sent by the girls of the school to the Wesley House.

At the close of the administration of this cabinet, was held the installation of the new officers. This was one of the most impressive and most beautiful services the Association has ever conducted. Palms decorated the rostrum of the church, in the center of which was a huge basket of snap dragons with blue and white streamers extending from the basket to the sides of the rostrum. While the college orchestra played, the procession, consisting of the new and old cabinet members, marched to the rostrum. Each girl was dressed in white; the members of the old cabinet bore lighted candles, while those of the new bore unlighted ones. When the oath of office was administered by President Stout, the candles of the new members were lighted from those of the old ones. Then the two cabinets and the entire student body joined hands in a circle which reached around the interior of the church, and everyone sang "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

LITERARY SOCIETIES

ALEXANDER
BAHER
BOLIN
BROOKS
BETHANY
KORO
CASTLEBURY
COFFMAN
CRANE
CREWS
DEES
FISHER
FLOURNOY
GREENMAN
DEES
GOODNER
GARY
GALIGA
GLOVER
F. HARRELL
HINDMAN
HORN
HALE
INGRAHAM
JORDAN
KINCANNON
KERR


S. LEACH
M. LEACH
LASSITER
L. MATHEWS
MARTEL
KORO
McLEMORE
McINTOSH
MARTIN
PARKS
PORTER
RABY
RICE
SEARS
L. SIMMONS
A. SIMMONS
STEPENS
SCOTT
SKELTON
SPELLINGS
R. SMITH
W. SMITH
W. SMITH
TERRELL
A. WHITE
L. WHITE
WEBB
SUGGS

THE KORASOPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The year 1918-1919 has been one of the best years in the history of the Korasophian Literary Society. At the first of the year the society was completely reorganized and the constitution revised and amended. This constitution has been closely followed throughout the year. The result is that the society, as it now stands, is composed of active, loyal, dependable members.

The business meetings have been most satisfactory and the program at each meeting has been splendid. The society has been unusually fortunate in having as guests several speakers and lecturers of note. On several occasions open meetings were held to which the student body and faculty members were invited. Sometimes these meetings were turned into social occasions and light refreshments were served.

The patriotism and loyalty that the Korasophians have always shown was manifested in their subscription for two Liberty bonds. Besides this they bought their share of war savings stamps and have entered heartily into every campaign which has been waged by the government.

When Ex-President Young left the school, the Korasophians presented him with a beautiful fountain pen. In this way they tried to show their love and esteem for him as a President.

All through the year the girls have been looking forward to their banquet, which is the most formal occasion of the school year. For the past two years this feature has been omitted, but now that the war is over it can again become an annual affair.

On April 22 of this year the English room at the Westbrook Hotel was the scene of the banquet. The beautifully appointed tables were decorated with flowers in the club colors. Concealed behind a screen of palms, an orchestra played softly. Miss Elva Mae Stephens, the charming toastmistress, introduced the various speakers of the evening, and the program was diversified with musical selections rendered by the department of Fine Arts in the college.

The whole affair was very beautiful and brilliant and will long be cherished in the memory of every Korasophian and guest.

WILSON
WOODS
THOMPSON
SLOVER
S.M.K.
SWOFFORD
SIMPSON
NAUGLE
MAJORS
MORGAN
McKEOWN
LEE
LAWRANCE
LEE
KENDALL
HAMBRIGHT

GOWAN
GEORGE
J. GEORGE
GARLINGTON
S.M.K.
F. GARLINGTON
FURR
COPELAND
CLARK
COWLING
COLVIN
BOURLAND
BARTLETT
V. ADAMS
T. ANDERSON
E. ANDERSON

THE S. M. K. LITERARY SOCIETY

Service, Mirth and Knowledge are three of the many things which the S. M. K.'s have developed this year. Following out the plan of developing all-round citizens, they have carefully looked after every phase of college life, the literary, the athletic, the spiritual and college spirit. "Miss Fearless and Co." illustrated their success in dramatic work. This play was given also at Y. M. C. A. 65, Camp Bowie, in response to a plea for the entertainment of the soldiers.

It is both joy and sorrow to the S. M. K.'s to have eight seniors in the society this year. Although they will no longer be present in the society hall after June 1, 1919, the S. M. K.'s still claim them.

Here's to the S. M. K. where'er you find her,
  Loyal of heart and true to rule;
Here's to the love and faith that bind her,
  True to us and her own school.

HEARON
JENKINS
KUYKENDALL
LEDGER
PERKINS
E. MATTHEWS
D. MATTHEWS
MEADOWS
OTT
SPEER
POWELL
SARGEANT
E SMITH
SELLERS
SCOTT
SMITH
SOUTHERLAND

BARRETT
BLUME
BELL
BLAIR
BERTRAND
CASWELL
COOPER
CRAWFORD
COGDELL
FOSTER
GREENMAN
FARRAR
HALLMARK
HARWELL
P. HIGHTOWER
L. HIGHTOWER

THE WILSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Never until this year has there been any organization for the Academy Students. Seeing a great need for such an organization, the president of the Academy Student body called a meeting to discuss matters. It was moved and passed that there should be a Literary Society in the Academy. We decided to name it for the greatest of living statesmen, Thomas Woodrow Wilson. The officers were then elected and the new Wilsonian Literary Society began its brilliant career. An unused class room was turned almost upside down until it was made into a very attractive club room. Dean Jennings, Mrs. Smith and other members of the faculty have visited us, making remarks about our attractive club room and programs.

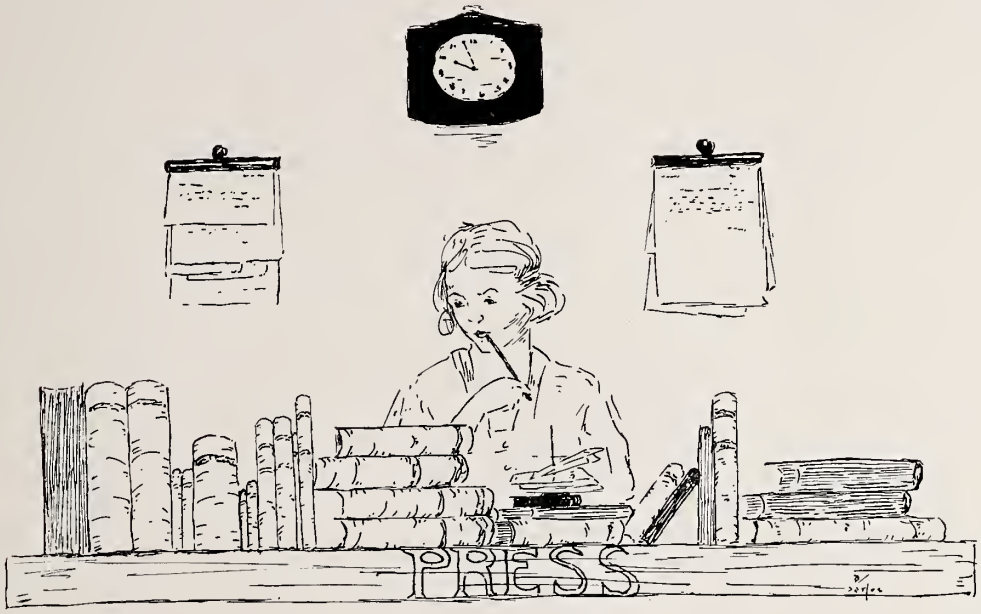
On November 12, 1918, the 'Neverything Circus was presented. This was a model circus with a really and truly menagerie, side show with a very fat lady, a wild man from Bornio, a snake charmer, and many other freaks of nature, trained monkeys, world-famed actors—and, in fact, everything that goes with a circus—even to the red lemonade and hamburgers! It was this, our first stunt, which awakened our college sisters to the fact that someone was alive and kicking in the Academy.

On February 8, 1919, we had charge of the chapel exercises. A pageant of Mother Goose rhymes was presented, and again our college sisters called us clever.

On February 12, our faculty and our new "College Daddy and Mother" visited us; there, again, we got ahead of our fair college sisters, for our new President came to the Academy Literary Society before he visited the Koros or S. M. K.'s.

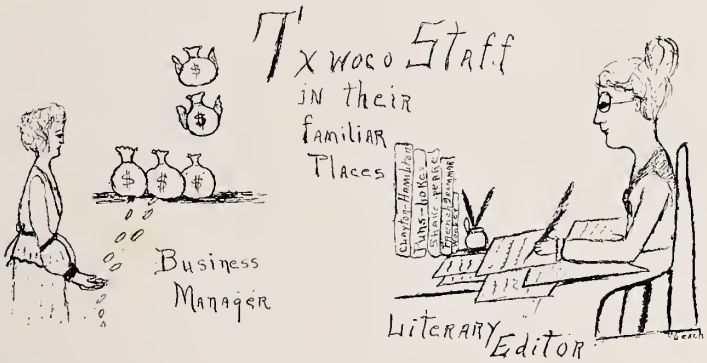
On March 29, the "Belles of Blackville" Minstrel was presented. This was the "latest word" in minstrel shows and made a big hit. The whole company, from Miss Hammerhandle to the smallest "coon," Topsy Sykes, was pronounced fine!

Taken all around, the Wilsonian Literary Society has begun a very brilliant career and will live as long as Texas Woman's College stands.


PRESS

SMITH
LITERARY EDITOR
LEACH
BUSINESS MANAGER
GOODNER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
GEORGE
ADVERTISING MGR.
KINCANNON
TREASURER
Staff
1919
SARLES
ART EDITOR

How glad are we, the staff,
That thru our gloom and work,
We as below can cause a laugh.
Happy are we when we in place
As pictures above, look the world in the face.



THE HANDOUT
TEXAS WOMAN'S COLLEGE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, JANUARY 28, 1919

CLUBS

ANN WAGGONER CLUB

Colors: Green and Gold
Flowers: Bachelor Buttons and Old Maids
Date of Organization: March 24, 1919

Officers

President: "Fatty" McKeowan
Secretary: "Tot" Dees
Treasurer: "Sleepy" Morgan
Representative to "TXWOCO": "Bill" Galiga
Chairman Social Committee: "Heavy" Clark

The last dab of powder was applied to the shapely nose; the eye brows were properly arched and a mere tinge of carmen enlivened the lips on which the smiles of anticipation were already playing. The inmates of forty rooms were busily engaged making savage preparations a few moments before "eight bells" on the evening of March 29, 1919.

The parlors were dressed in their gayest colors and pot plants adorned all the available corners. The lights shed forth their soft refulgent rays through their decorated shaded globes. The merry tunes played at the piano, mingled with the gay voices of the girls, made it a scene of warmth and happiness, a direct contrast to the outside, where weeping elements brought dismal rains.

In spite of the uninviting weather a large number of gentlemen guests appeared on time. As there was no receiving line, each participant was requested to extend his right hand on which was firmly bound a heavy

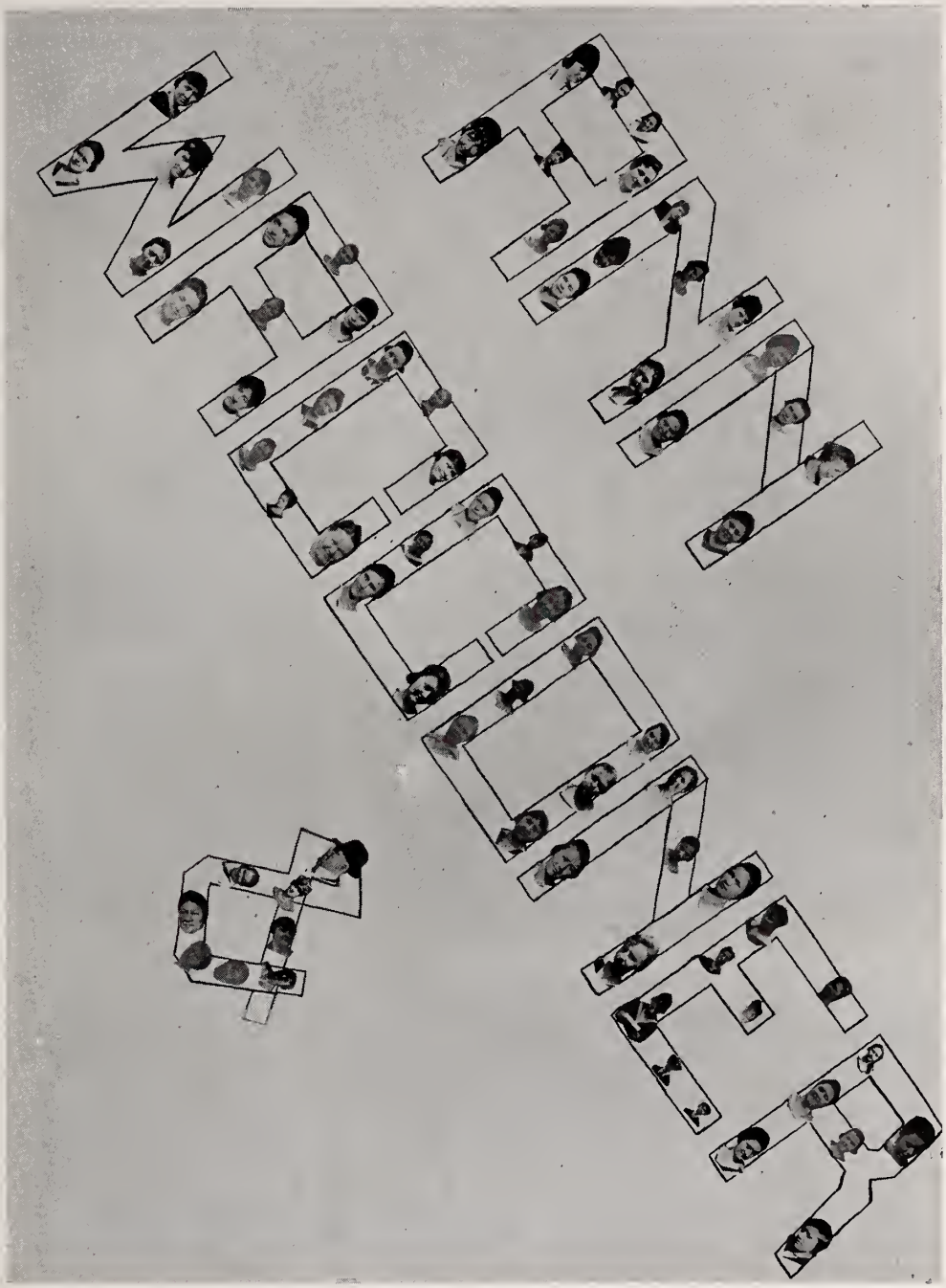
manila bag, and he was bidden to "shake hands" until the paper was worn through. The only rule was that he might not shake hands too long with the same stranger. The fun became furious when a young athlete attempted to pilot his lady friend on their perilous journey across the floor, following the narrow path of two parallel twine strings, and carefully watching their step through the focus of their opera glasses. Other couples were blindfolded, and sitting opposite each other they became very much absorbed in their endeavor to feed each other dry cracker crumbs out of a spoon.

Our guests' powers of observation were tested when they were separated from their partners and asked to write a description of "the" girl. Later these were read aloud to all and the young ladies in question were identified.

In the pretty little dining room arranged for the evening entertainment, coffee and delicious French pastry were served to the couples. The guests pronounced the refreshments superb.

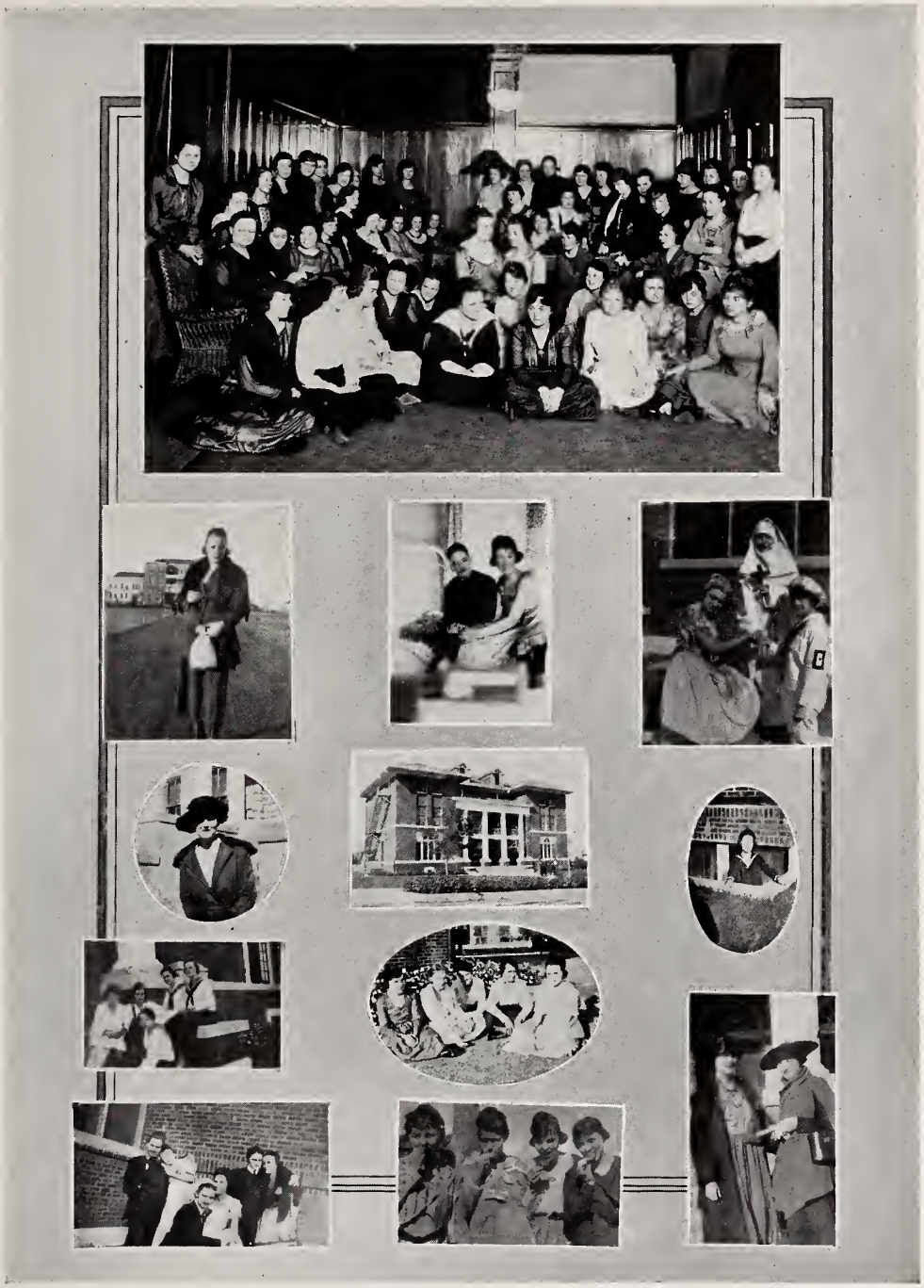
Was it the "attractions" inside or only the dislike for the inclement weather prevailing outdoors which caused the boys like the red faced brave to "linger long about the doorway, looking back as they departed?"

But Mrs. Knighten rang the bells unceasingly, and their sonorous tones in strains of "linked sweetness (?) long drawn out" caused a hurried departure of the guests, who made oft repeated promises to come again.


WHEN THE WHEN

DAN WAGGONER CLUB

Tess Alexander.....President
Virginia Flournoy.....Vice-President
Christine Stuckey.....Secretary and Treasurer
Grace Skelton.....Reporter to "Handout"
Adelaide Leeman.....Reporter to "TXWOCO"



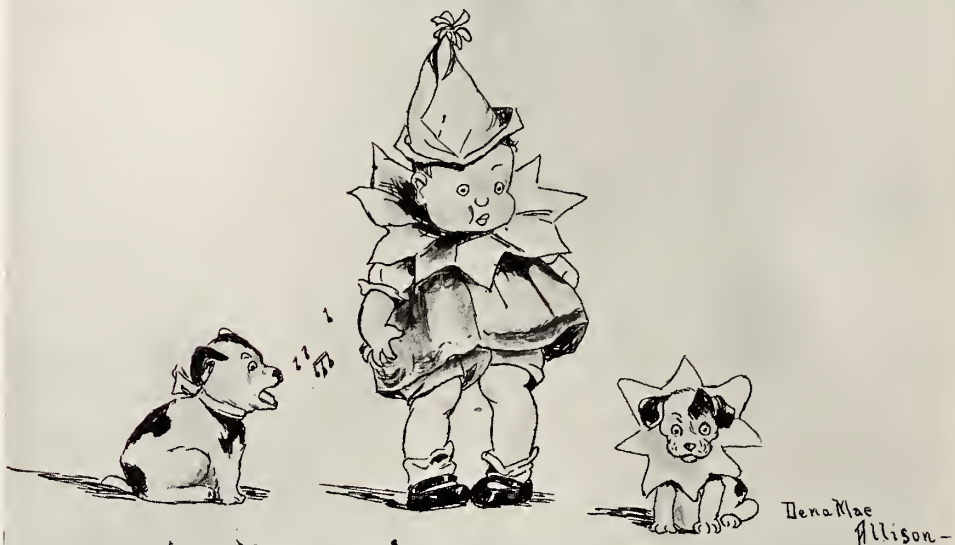
Nelle Faye
Mary
Ruth
Alma
Lank
Belmont
Eva
Mabel
Virgil
Cora
Bernice
Norma
Mugg
Rufus
Myra Belle
Georgia
Mary
Annice
Ana
Hoy
Augie Mae
Gertrude
Margaret
Lillian
Lefty
Joe Betty
Willie
Annie
Almaryne
Allen
Opal
Helen
Edith
Mrs Clemens "Ma" Berry
Our Home

Entre Nous

President

Sec-Treas.

As we see ourslves



Dena Mae Allison -

As Mrs Witt sees us

MULKEY HALL ALIAS ENTRE NOUS

On the night of March 26 the dingledy clank of Mrs. Witt's official bell sounded and sounded again through the corridors of Mulkey Hall. In little or less time every one was gathered in the parlor. When the chairs were all filled, and the window-seats and piano stool were occupied, the remaining unfortunates either stood around the wall or sat, Japanese fashion, on the floor.

The undertone of conversation punctuated by higher crescendoes of giggles, became all silence and attention as the matron entered. With a short preface of admonition, she told us the purpose of the meeting—to organize a dormitory club. By the usual parliamentary methods, Lucile Garlington was elected president. A nomination was made—someone piped a hasty second—a vote was taken and Oma Thompson was made secretary-treasurer. Etta Anderson was elected representative to the "Handout."

We decided that unlabeled medicine was likely to prove dangerous, and therefore began to name ourselves. A committee was formed to do this. A few minor plans were discussed and we adjourned.

The next night we met for a few moments and decided upon the name of Entre Nous. After the president had spelled it, pronounced it several times, and translated it, we could say it with the air of a Parisian.

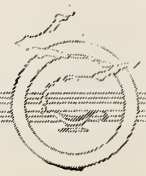
Thursday night of the same week a courier was dispatched to the several floors to spread the news of a meeting on the second floor. When we were assembled, the president produced a small roll of paper tied with a bow of dainty pink ribbon. She cautiously unrolled this, and found therein an invitation for the Entre Nous to come to a bottle party at the Conservatory the next Saturday night. We gladly accepted, and an account of the splendid time we had will doubtless be found elsewhere in the annual.

This was the organization and early development of our club, the best and most congenial club on the campus.

PRESS
CLUB
CRAIN
FISHER
GARY
GEORGE
GOODNER
PRESIDENT
McKEOWN
VICE-PRES.
SIMMONS
SECY. & TREAS
H. KINCANNON
R. KINCANNON
LEACH
W. SMITH
STEPHENS
SARLES
SMITH
JORDAN

ELLIS COUNTY CLUB

S.C.L.



G.A.G.

Officers
Pres E.M Clark
Ex Pres E.R. Jackson
Treas E. Brinson
Reporter M.S. Cogdell

JORDAN
McKEOWN
FOSTER
P. JORDAN
SCOTT
FURR
The
SENATE

W.S.S.

College Year

QUEEN ELVA MAE OF THE HOUSE OF STEPHENS

POPULAR

Mary McKeown

Cleo George

BEAUTIES

Marvin Inghram

LaRue Sweetman

STYLISH
Marticia
Reynolds
Esther
Speer

DIARY

Dear old diary: I'm back in school again. I know if you could talk you would fairly blaze with fury and disgust at the silly things I write on your clean white leaves. Never mind! Two more years and you will burst with pride and knowledge, for I'll be a SENIOR!

Sept. 11. I came in yesterday and have been fighting tears all day. Smiles certainly do help though. Without them and punch from the Y. W. that library would be even more horrible. I think matriculation will be an inspiring occasion with the combination of teachers and rows upon rows of books before us.

Sept. 12. I've matriculated! I shan't look at that schedule card until I have to, though, for I feel exhausted to think of working on hot days like this.

Gee! I'm truly glad that I'm not conditioned! I would forsake my arduous (?) pursuits of knowledge forever if I had to take those entrance exams!

Sept. 13. Opening exercises. Wouldn't girls be charming if they'd heed all the wise advice directed at them on such occasions? Mr. Hemphill certainly does make us wish for the time "When the Boys Come Home."

Sept. 14. Lessons assigned! I'll have to get me an alarm clock and a compass if I keep up with the time and place of all my classes and "college duties."

Sept. 15. Saw five girls out marching, doing "attention!" and other military commands. I wonder what's up?

Sept. 16. That was a military company that I saw! I'm in it now; it's increasing in knowledge and size quite rapidly. We have "Company A" and "Company B."

Sept. 17. A baby party in the gym. How hard I did fall! I wasn't alone, though, for T. W. C. babies seem terribly gawky and inactive.

Sept. 20. Several of the Fine Arts teachers have been exhibiting their talents. How cultured I'm feeling!

Oct. 1. We've got the INFLUENZA!—and I had planned to get a B. A. and live to ripe old age!

Oct. 10. Student body meeting in chapel. We had a hot discussion as to whether we would have our usual sized annual, none at all, or a war edition. Decided on the last. Oh, how our country needs some of our brilliant speakers!

Oct. 12. Liberty Bonds! About $4,000.00 was subscribed by teachers, girls, clubs and societies this morning.

Oct. 28. Burglars! O--oh! Shrieks in the wee, small hours! If those Dan Waggoner girls can scream like that when a burglar starts in, what would they do if he really robbed them?

Sunrise breakfast for new Y. W. members. We were so exhausted from playing tennis and baseball that we could hardly walk back!

Oct. 31. Halloween! 6 p. m.: Spooks in the dining room! Mysterious noises. Ghost tales—0-o-o-h! Such queer things to eat—Astrologer's broth, magic rings, fairy umbrellas, sand-wiches, nervetonic, owls' nests, fortune cups—ooh how spooky I felt! Things under the table, too! 7.30: A frolic in the gym. Isn't the nightwatchman graceful? I hadn't noticed it before. Well, we weren't depending on those musicians anyway.

Nov. 2. Y. W. Halloween party in the gym. Spooky surroundings and brave soldiers!

Nov. 4. Mr. Hemphill presented Mrs. Gross and Mrs. Rozelle in a voice recital. Girls will imitate! We had grand opera until midnight.

Nov. 11. PEACE! Oh, the difference in parades. 3:30 a. m.—Girls, awakened by the guns and whistles, paraded the hill shrieking, beating dust pans together and singing. Oh, how cold it was after the excitement died down! 3:30 p. m.—United War Work parade. Our military company marched. The soldiers sang "I Don't Want to Get Well," and constantly commanded "Eyes right!"—as if we weren't looking anyway!

Nov. 12. My hat's off to our little academy pals. They must have a year lease on T. W. C. "pep." Their N'everything circus! Wild animals? Fierce ones! Clowns and bareback riding of unusual grace and agility. Spirited horses? One actually threw its rider!

Nov. 13. We can't drive that "flu" away! Its motto seems to be "hang on."

Nov. 15. We went to hear Joseph Bonnet, a French organist, give a recital on that new organ at the First Methodist Church. Each is wonderful, but together!—I haven't room to copy all my most expressive adjectives.

Nov. 28. Thanksgiving. It's easy to be kind and thankful after such a dinner. We put our kind feelings into acts, too. We sent all the fruit in our handouts to our kiddies at the Wesley house. How happy they were! A crowd of us went to see "Hearts of the World." How sad life is in the pictures! Were our tears wasted?

Dec. 12. Petition sent to the faculty to let school out sooner for the holidays.

Dec. 13. Billy Sunday! That world wonder! Isn't he cute and sweet? When he grins at us we surely can make that coliseum ring for "Billy—and Ma-a!"

Dec. 14. Class fights! Expert hair pulling done when you least expect it? Some of our enemies were dumb with antagonism. Why can't the tank be decorated with those **six beautiful colors** all the time? Those Juniors are such dainty and artistic ball players—not so with the "Fish" and the Academy!

Dec. 17. Our petition was refused by the faculty, so we petitioned the President to hold the pay-checks until the afternoon of the 20th. This evening the Expression Department presented "The King of the Jews." I know some of the world's greatest actresses will come from T. W. C.

Dec. 18. EGGS for breakfast! Three cheers! Everyone is shopping for the "home folks" and our adopted babies at the Wesley House. I got "my little girl" a dolly like one I used to have. Christmas dinner from the faculty. Beautiful decorations and a present for everyone. I got the shiniest blue bird!

Dec. 20. Going home! Is anyone sad? Doesn't sound like it!

Jan. 2. Back again. Who wants to go to school anyway? Why don't holidays last forever?

Jan. 9. President Young is really going to leave. Our new President talked to us in chapel this morning. He won't take charge until the second term.

Jan. 11. Marjorie G's graduate recital. We felt as if we had spent an hour in Japan!

Jan. 12. Cramnation! Problem: If your head has refused to hold anything a whole term, can it be neatly packed in one night, or will such an attempt cause dizziness and nightmares?

Jan. 15. Smallpox! If diseases are part of one's education, we will certainly be educated.

Jan. 20. Mr. Daehler's recital at the Chamber of Commerce. If his pupils can improve by taking notes they'll be wonders.

Jan. 21. Exams! Oh, for the wisdom of all men and books of the past, present and future!

Jan. 23. Why is everyone so sad? Are their grades like mine?

Jan. 24. Even though the dignity of the Seniors was severely bruised by their grades, the arrival of their rings has brought a look of martyrdom and unappreciated greatness to their care-worn faces.

Jan. 30. Our new President and family are here. My! How we like our new "college daddy and mother"! They seem to like our yells and songs, too. After dinner we went to see the "American Ace" at the Majestic. Guns scare me even if they are "fakes."

President Young left tonight, but he'll be back for our final farewell.

Jan. 31. Ella Gaines' recital. She's now free to go back to Alabama, but how we'll miss her!

Feb. 1. Still have the smallpox. You may remain unfinished yet, little book. I think I must have fever.

Feb. 3. S. M. K. play. If laughter is healthful, I think I'm gaining fast.

Feb. 4. We voted to have our regular annual. Let everyone have her picture "took" immediately!

Feb. 8. Senior play. Heavy work for those poor Seniors, but how beautiful!

Feb. 13. Conservatory Club in the dining room. Ultra fashionable clothes—dating anywhere from 1850 to 1900. Decorations: Bitter weeds. Refreshments: Red striped candy. Voices! Oh, how harmonious! (?)

Feb. 14. 6 p. m.: Dan Waggoner Club in the dining room. Isn't it a pity some of these handsome "lieuts" who appear on such occasions have never been overseas? 8:00—Y. W. Cabinet entertained the Seniors. They said they had a wonderful time, but how can I know?

Feb. 15. That Senior history class will never learn that society should take less time than even the least literary duty. They should be historical and grave—not hysterical and frivolous.

Feb. 17. Mulkey Hall entertained the new college faculty. Dean Jennings is a most brilliant orator. His advice to the Seniors present will be lasting, I'm sure.

Feb. 18. Special students' meeting after dinner. Subject: Sororities and How to Get Them. Petition sent to the faculty. Why do I feel so pessimistic about its acceptance?

Feb. 18. Faculty party for President and Mrs. Stout. The board of trustees and all the faculty banished such trials as troublesome girls. I heard the orchestra playing lively music, so they couldn't have been bored.

Feb. 19. K. K. K.'s in chapel. The marriage of Lieutenant English Department and Miss Liberty Bond. Such wonderful men!

6:00—K. K. K. wedding dinner. Made us feel so romanic even if it was camouflage.

Girls left for Chicago to represent the Y. W. at a Conference. Was our Y. W. to be lifeless? No! Never!

Feb. 21. Koros presented ex-President Young with a fountain pen as a remembrance and a hint to write us when he can't visit us.

Feb. 22. Minuet in chapel. Readings. 3:30—A tea for the club ladies of the city. I am glad it isn't stylish to powder the hair now-a-days. 8 p. m.—Open House. Every girl with a man and happy except—why did that music make everyone so restless?

Feb. 26. Ex-President Young and Mrs. Young here for dinner. We presented them with a beautiful silver pitcher.

Feb. 28. C. I. A. came here to play us and how we "squelched" them!

March 1. Holiday—postponed from February 22. Only a few left at the college.

March 9. Funeral of C. I. A. in the chapel. We were a bit hasty, but most of us entertained (?) ourselves while waiting for the team's return and afterwards, too.

March 11. E. T. N. C. came and beat us, but how they did work for it!

March 14. Presentation of caps and gowns in chapel. Seniors ap-

peared at lunch in them, but what became of those the Freshmen were going to wear?

March 18. Dean Venth played some new compositions in chapel. We are surely glad he "tries things out on us first."

March 19-20. Elva Mae gave "Every Woman" in chapel. How those talented Seniors inspire us and help us to "stick" and keep "pegging on."

March 24. A crowd went to Dallas with the team. Played S. M. U. We were slightly beaten—rather decidedly so! Wait until Thursday, though. We're practicing yells and arousing our "pep" to the highest pitch for the return game.

March 27. S. M. U. came, played, and conquered as overwhelmingly as before. Please bring the crepe! Ina is one wonderful player, but how hard she makes it for us!

March 31. Academy played the Baptist Gym. Girls. Such little fighters!

April 1. Bells at 5 o'clock. Who could sleep? Breakfast served cafeteria style while the dining room girls pretended to sleep.

10:00—K. K. K.'s rode up and down Main and Houston streets in the college truck. Those salted peanuts were good, but "Wooly" might have economized on salt. We were gone about two hours. Oh, how dirty, tired and happy we were!

1:30—Student body left on special cars for the Majestic. We'll all be trying some of those dancing and juggling stunts. It didn't take any "Ruby Ray" to make us laugh.

6:00—Went off the campus and were served toasted wieners and bacon, buns, pickles, potato chips and apples by the faculty. Things certainly tasted good after our strenuous day!

April 2. How sleepy I am! I nearly missed classes this morning—those bells couldn't disturb slumber like mine!

Well, little book, you won't be finished after all. They want you for the annual. You are simply full of adjectives, exclamation points and dashes, but how else could a mere under classman express her varied emotions?

THE ?

(With all due apologies to Edgar Allen Poe in "The Raven")

Once upon a mid-day sultry, while we sweated, nearly melting,
Over Ed., Trig., English and Science, which should be forgotten lore,—
While Miss Moore talked we were napping, suddenly there came a flapping,
As of some bird gently clapping his poor wings against the door.
" 'Tis too far off for that," we thought—
Closed our eyes and slumbered more.

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the hot September;
And each separate lecture given tore our souls till they were sore.
Eagerly we wished the morrow;—vainly we had sought to borrow
From our books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for loves gone to war—
Nameless—for there are some more.

But the flapping still continued, growing nearer—even buzzing;
It thrilled us—filled us with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of our hearts we kept repeating,
" 'Tis some car upon the campus—a car, a Ford, or even horses,
Only this and nothing more."

Presently the sound grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Miss Moore," said we, "hear it, truly your forgiveness we implore;
But the fact is—here the flapping—can't you hear those big wings clapping?
Oh! it's buzzing, whirring, purring, coming most up to our door.
Come, let's all go out and see it"—here we all ran out the door;
Teachers gasped and nothing more!

Way up in the sky a-peerin', long we stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence here was broken, and the whirring gave us token,
And the only words there spoken were the whispered words, "Come lower!"
The crowd whispered and the echo murmured back the words, "Come lower!"
"He's mine," each said and nothing more.

Here he came, an aviator, in a great big plane a-sailin',
Over trees and houses, headed straight for us we knew.
"Surely," said we, "surely, it is Bill, Phil, Jack, or Bobbie;
Let me see,—yes, it's my lieutenant,
For I see his hand a-wavin',
Yes!—he's mine—I'm sure—not yours!"

Then he swooped down o'er Ann Waggoner,
Mulkey, campus and all others,
Waved, and still we gazed on fondly while he flew.
Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of "cap" or colonel, spiralled,
Dived, and barrel-rolled.
E'en S. C. L.'s thought they were followed.
All perched outside and gazed some more.

But the girls were not there only, for the faculty grew brave,
Ventured out upon the campus, looking far from so-called grave.
Look! there's e'en our loved President, Miss Hare, Stapleton, and the matrons—
Could it be they think their soldier
Is in a plane, so time he'd save?
Sure, it's time and nothing more.

While we stand there, mouths wide open,
We see something white descending;
Here! it's coming right down toward us—
Looks like gold or news afloat.
All snatch wildly for the parcel tied in
Cheesecloth; it's a rock!
Ha! a letter! who for—Helen?
No, I see, Marticia and Nell.
All is sadness, all's not well.

Then, me thought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed by the gasoline censor,
Swung by a mere vampire lieutenant, whose plane had thrilled us to the core.
"Wretch," I cried, "where's my lieutenant—can't he come to see me more?
Spiteful! I'm surely jealous—all are—true I feel it more.
Next if I don't get a letter, I'll not whisper, 'Please come lower,'
For you know the Dean will punish—we got up and left Miss Moore."
Quoth the Dean then—"Nevermore."

And the aeroplanes still are coming, always humming, humming, humming,
And each girl is always certain it's for her and her alone.
But our life will soon be settled,
Uncle Sam has nabbed lieutenants
And to their northern homes they flee;
We say, "Nevermore!"

Just arrived

"Beg pardon lady"

Guess what did it

"Come on over"

Keep on smiling.

Inviting trouble.

"I'm going to follow the boys"

At the "hop."

Squelched

"What you thinking?"

Shoulder arms!

A group of dignitaries

"Nobody loves me"

Looking 'em over

"My brain!"

October 2, 1918.
Third Floor,
Ann Waggoner Hall.

Dear Di: All arrangements have been made for me to remain among this hospitable group of girls and I am so delighted. One of the Seniors has adopted me and she says she will be my god-mother from now on. Her name is Mary McKeowan. She is so clever and is going to assist me in my plan. You know I intend to help "Swat the Kaiser" and although we can't go with our brave boys, we shall do our bit here. I must be honest with you, Di, and tell you my honest opinion of my newly found god-mother. She seems to be a kind of "Conflagration." You see she sets things to burning when she begins and everything she does is forwarded on an exceedingly great scale.

Oh! I am so excited, Di. Last night we organized and we have a great plan. The club is to be the K. K. K.'s and we have the "peppiest" president, Esther Ruth Jackson. They are going to use me as their symbol toward war work. I am to donate all my funds to Mr. English Department of T. W. C. Library. I learned all about him yesterday. Don't you think we are progressing nicely? Di, that is not all; next Saturday night I am to make my debut.

Now, you just watch, Di, I am going to have some great news for you the next time I write.

Enthusiastically,

BABY BOND.

October 5, 1918.

Oh Di!: One would have needed the aid of an anaesthetic to avoid hearing as well as seeing our club as we entered the dining hall tonight. It was comical. We were dressed so effectively with the combinations of every color from peacock blue to sky-blue pink. Every one enjoyed herself immensely, to say nothing of what followed.

We all gather around cozily after dinner had been served and guess what happened? In came the nicest bowl of punch and some awfully appetizing sandwiches. Di, all this is what they call my debut and I was just thinking how sad it is one can be a debutante but once. I was just a wee bit popular, you see.

Di, it is entirely off of the subject, but listen; it's so interesting. I have already placed our first allotment in the hands of Mr. English Department, and I rather think I placed my heart also. He signifies such a good standard, Di. Now that's just a little secret between you and me.

I must hurry because the light-bell is ringing—

Your romantic little friend,

MISS BOND.

P. S. Di, may I say Miss? You know I am a young lady now.

February 15, 1919.

Well, dear old Di: Have I been negligent 'n everything? I am so sorry. Just lots has happened. We have a new member who seems to have the same plan that I have. She is Miss War Work Campaign. She wants to unite with me and intends to help as all our splendid girls are helping.

Oh, yes, Di, we made candy one night and it was with very little ease that we "pulled it." All the different groups of fingers seemed to have a clinging sensation and little quantities of candy could be seen here and there, on the floors, on the doors and most commonly on the girls' faces.

Then came the marshmallow toast that brought blisters to many tender, dainty fingers.

Why, Di, you didn't know we had a new president, did you? Our ex-president has moved to another dormitory and is now an honorary member. Di, we miss her voice, her ringing laugh, her Victrola, and worst of all we miss her and her "sporty" room-mate. We are mighty glad that our ex-president comes back to see us often. She left a place that the new president, Eva Mae Clark ("Heavy"), says is hard to fill.

"Heavy" surely has some clever ideas. She has done lots toward making things pleasant and she is now helping us make plans for a large pop-corn ball sale. We will use the funds to take the Seniors to the "movies."

Di, I always close my letters with a secret, don't I? Here is another: Mr. English Department has methodically arranged for a little wedding and I am very much included in it, since I am the lady. Di, you know I spoke of leaving him my heart in my last note. Now he is going to keep it. I shall no longer be BABY BOND.

February 20, 1919.

Well, Di, it's all over. I was never so thrilled in all my life and, Di, we have had no misunderstandings yet.

The K. K. K.'s gave me, Baby Bond, to Mr. English Department of T. W. C. so gladly and I shall always regard the members of our club as matchmakers.

Di, if you do not hear from me any more you may know I am performing my duty as MRS. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT,

T. W. C. Library,

Should.

"OUR NEW COLLEGE MOTHER"

Many years ago, as the story goes, one of our big, fine, Texas cow-boys (a widower, by the way, with one son) went all the way back to South Carolina to bring to his Texas home a dark-eyed, timid slip of a girl for his wife.

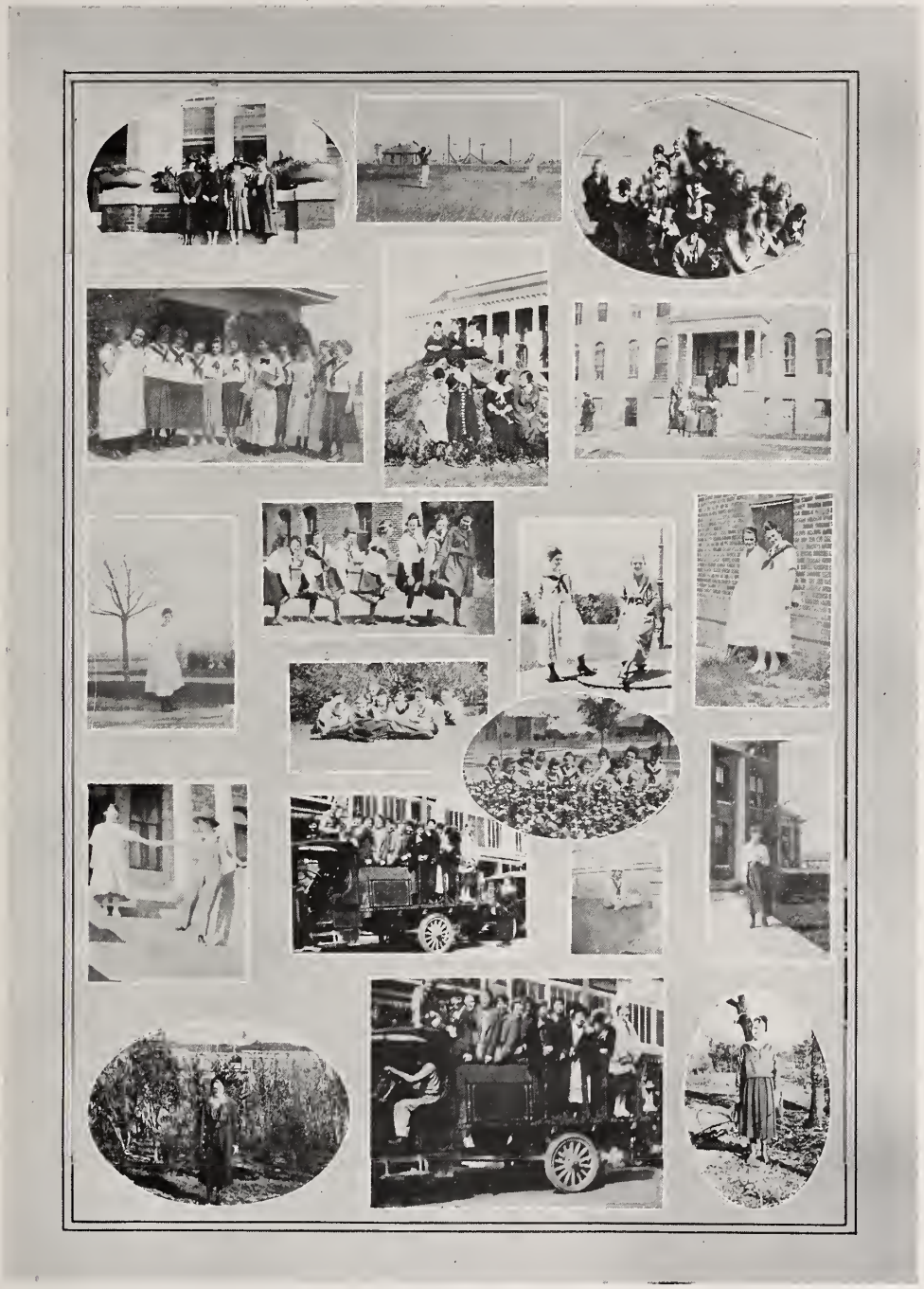
Our shy, little maid soon learned to love her Texas home and fitted perfectly into the ranch life. As the years went by, a commodious home was built in the town of Decatur. The wife, now a mature woman, spent much time in the ranch home, however, and was never too busy to enter into the troubles of the most insignificant "hand" on the ranch.

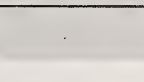
As the cattle interests grew and the western lands became more and more valuable, the wife and her husband became the joint custodians of a large fortune. In 1903, the head of the family died. The widow now decided to move to the city of Fort Worth. The beautiful Waggoner home on Summit Avenue was built and "our Mrs. Waggoner" became ours indeed.

Mrs. Waggoner's chief hobby for many years has been "just girls." One of her interests is the Young Woman's Christian Association, in which she has worked actively for many years. The supreme interest, however, is our Texas Woman's College girls. She believes that the college-trained women are shaping the thought and activities of American women and she has furthered the interest of the college girl in every possible way.

Mrs. Waggoner remodeled Ann Waggoner Hall and, by a special gift, make it possible for the Dan Waggoner dormitory to be built. She worked actively in the campaign to raise money for the school and gave liberally to help raise the library to the required standard.

We love this big-hearted woman, and are always glad to see her smiling face among us. Long may she live to be as happy as she has striven to make others.





OPEN HOUSE

Washington's Birthday was the occasion of a very pretty colonial party given by the students of Texas Woman's College. The club women of Fort Worth were guests at a tea in the afternoon and in the evening the girls entertained their young men friends.

The artistic arrangement of the various rooms was one of the attractive features; the Japanese room was decorated with rugs, lanterns, and hand-painted curtains. The parlors were decorated with improvised scenery and red, white and blue balloons were floating in the air. Shaded lights and beautiful flowers made these rooms very attractive.

The reception hall was decorated with the flags of the Allied nations. The dining room was quite as beautiful as the other rooms, one of its main attractions being a fountain with live gold-fish.

The girls were charmingly dressed in Martha Washington costumes. The powdered hair and curls worn over the shoulder by colonial dames added quaintness to the occasion.

During the evening dainty refreshments were served in a vine trellised garden in one corner of the dining room. A lively orchestra added gaiety throughout the evening. Punch was served in attractive booths by girls dressed in appropriate costumes.

The party was a splendid success and will be long remembered by the many guests who attended.

JAPANESE TEA ROOM

THE ALLIED ROOM

THE PARLOR

MARTHA WASHINGTON GIRLS

THE ARROW MAKER

One of the most brilliant plays that has ever been produced in T. W. C. was given by the Seniors of the Expression Department in the auditorium Saturday evening, February 8, when Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker" was presented to a packed house.

The Seniors were very ably and sympathetically supported by the graduates and underclassmen of the department.

The costumes were elaborate in beads and feathers, and truly authentic in color scheme. Under the power of the flood of spot light, the sun made a gorgeous array of colors.

The first scene opened in a wild woodsy spot near the medieval woman's hut, and the baskets and beautiful blankets around the wigwam gave the touch of home even in the midst of the spicy cedar atmosphere. The stage was devoid of life for a moment, then from the distance came the soft love call of a dove, answered close at hand, perfectly imitated. A moment later, four Indian scouts came in from all directions in a very excited manner, and, from this time on, the story progressed in excited scenes and dialogue.

One of the most impressive scenes in the play was the council of the warriors about the medicine fire, where with the chief presiding, dressed in his war bonnet and war paint, with solemn mien, he smoked to the great spirits of the sky and the earth, calling upon them to direct their plans for the coming battle. This scene ended by calling upon the medicine woman to read the message of the gods, when in a wild religious dance she dropped to the ground and twirled the sacred sticks, then began in solemn trend to read the message of the gods who had chosen Semwa, the Arrow Maker, as the leader of the tribe.

In the work as the Chisera, Katherine Heyn made some wonderful interpretations. The part demanded great flexibility of voice and body and Miss Heyn answered the demand to the fullest extent. Her strongest work was done at the end of the second act, where she took back her blessing and pronounced her curse upon Semwa, the Arrow Maker. Her most touching work opened the third act, where she portrayed the real woman in the Chesina who longed for love and home ties.

Elva Mae Stephens as Semwa the Arrow Maker was a splendid war chief, haughty and characterized by selfishness, which ended in his downfall in the third act, where he lost his leadership. Miss Stephens was staid in character from the time she stepped upon the stage until she shot the magic arrow that killed the Chisera. Her pantomine work while the others spoke was truly professional and her evenly modulated voice colored with the slightest change in emotion.

Old Podahoon as a rival to Semwa was very sympathetically depicted by Pauline Jordan. This was one of the heaviest parts to handle, but was ably carried by the young lady in question. Her frank, clean-cut manner throughout won praise from the entire audience during the evening and they responded heartily when she at last won the war-bonnet through faithfulness to the tribe.

Clarice Hewatt as the aged chief of the tribe made us see the old man at all times. She was especially good in the council scene, and again in the third act, when he voiced the words of the tribe in urging the Chisena to dance. He was ably and brilliantly supported in his pleadings by his wife, Seegooche, Anna Laura Peyton. Perhaps the most artistic interpretation was the subtle work done by this girl in the character of the pleading, anxious mother. She certainly rose to the occasion when she implored the Chisera in the last act to turn her curse into blessing.

The sweet, laughing Bright-water, the happy, hopeful bride of Semwa, showed fine workmanship when she portrayed the heart-broken bride at the end of the second act. We all admired her when she started up and offered herself as a sacrifice for the tribe in the last act. Ella Gaines Parker came up to her usual good work in this part.

Tess Alexander as Savinats, the warrior, showed a great deal of versatility, for from the grim old warrior carrying the responsibilities of the tribe upon his shoulders to the laughing, careful gambler is a long step, but Tess in her usual sprightly manner stepped from one atmosphere to the other with perfect freedom. She was unusually good as a leader of the happy-go-lucky bunch of merrymakers.

The graduates, Floy Greenman, Mary Dillow, and Eva Adams, gave splendid support to the settings, and the sturdy little Juniors, Jewell Furr, Callie Eddins, Alleen Kuykendall and Nell Kerr, aided their success.

The underclassmen showed their fine work in the teamwork that is a part in making the play a complete success. The real war dance and blanket dance of the bridal party were good. The squaws danced a very beautiful ceremonial dance about the medicine fire in the third act that was very impressive.

Though a difficult one for amateurs to stage, this play was a very great success from an artistic standpoint, as well as a financial one. The teachers, Misses Jessie Millsapps and Faye Kerlin, were well pleased with the results.

"MISS FEARLESS & CO."

ACT 1

Scene: A room in Miss Henley's country home. Margaret and her guests decide to go to Spook Island on a camping trip, all because of four egotistical young men. Miss Euphemia has nerves and refuses to go. Sarah Jane comes to the rescue.

ACT 2

Scene: Interior of cottage on Spook Island—Katie begins to see things, among them her burglar. The queer dumb women come to the cottage. The Spook is discovered.

ACT 3

Scene: Same as Act 2. Miss Euphemia has a romance and also a robbery. The history of the ghost is given. There is treachery in camp. The act ends joyfully.

FINIS

GYM

DINNER IN HONOR OF DR. STOUT

Ann Waggoner Hall was open Friday evening, January 31, at the dinner hour, to our new President, Mr. Stout; his wife, Mrs. Stout, and their sons, Sidney and Henry Lee. All of the college girls, in afternoon dresses, formed two lines through which President Stout and his family passed in to dinner, followed by the members of the faculty. That President Stout has been accepted as our College Daddy is shown in the song which was so enthusiastically sung to him:

"Our new College Daddy,
We're glad to see you;
We want you to know
That we're true to you.
We're working and praying
And standing by you:
So welcome, our new College Daddy."

The meal proceeded in the usual way until Miss Stapleton, in her charming manner, introduced Miss Eva Mae Clark, who extended the President a hearty welcome from the Freshman class. With the help of Miss Elva Mae Stephens, they received Mr. Stout as the President by the adoption ceremony:

Miss Stephens: "Do you take this man as your President?"
Miss Clark: "I do."
Miss Stephens: "Do you promise to honor, love, and obey him?"
"I do."
"Henceforth he is yours."

All the other classes and organizations showed their good will and hearty co-operation which they are willing to give President Stout in his work. The Sophomores were represented by Miss Mayberry Spellings, the Juniors by Miss Almaryne Simmons, and the Seniors by Miss Lessie Goodner.

Miss Sue Leach gave a welcome from the Korasophian Literary Society to Mrs. Stout, telling her how much the girls would appreciate a new college Mother as well as a Daddy.

The S. M. K. Literary Society was represented by Miss Thelma Anderson, who gave a new interpretation to the letters S. M. K.: "S" for the "smile" with which President Stout was welcomed; "M" for "merry," which the Susan M. Keys hopes he would always be, and "K" for the "keys" to their hearts which opened to him. A hope of friendship was expressed in which every girl in the school would gladly join:

"May nothing mar or dim it,
But may it last through all the year
And know no age or limit."

Miss Alleen Kuykendall, representing the Academy and the Wilsonian Literary Society, gave such a welcome that if the spirit is put into execution in eo-operation with President Stout, he will never fail to accomplish anything he undertakes. The Academy seems to have first claim to Sidney and Henry Lee, for they were adopted as "our boys" at this time.

The Conservatory Club offered their welcome through Miss Margaret Castleberry.

The best and biggest organization saved its gift for the last and after all the other toasts were given, Miss Johnnie Pirkle, President of the Y. W. C. A., presented President and Mrs. Stout with a beautiful bouquet of carnations with a wish for the best and happiest year of their lives.

Nothing is ever complete unless our Dean says something. Dean Jennings told of his first days at T. W. C. and of home-sickness, with which most of the girls are acquainted. He said to welcome the President and his family, not only in words but in actions—to "mother them."

President Stout responded with a short talk, saying he felt no doubt about the success of T. W. C. if all would unite and work together as they had manifested they could do. The reply to this was:

"You can't go back to Howard-Payne,
You can't go back to Howard-Payne,
You must stay here for sure,
Where our voices fire you with thrills,
And stay here evermore;
You can't go back,
You can't go back,
To Howard-Payne!"

THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET ENTERTAINS THE SENIORS

On the evening of February 14, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet entertained the college Seniors at a very unique St. Valentine's party. Upon their arrival at Ann Waggoner Hall, the guests were greeted by a sign which requested them to enter at the side door. The first part of the evening was spent in playing the exciting game of winkum, then Mr. Sidney Stout suddenly opened the doors into the south parlor and announced that the Seniors were to enter and receive their mail which had just arrived. Much to the delight of the guests, the mail proved to be the young men friends of the girls.

Mr. and Mrs. McLemore furnished music and Miss Johnnie Pirkle presented each of the Seniors with a very cleverly written diploma. Presently the guests were invited to enter an adjoining room, where refreshments were served from tables beautifully decorated with rose-shaded candles.

"PUT YOUR HEAD DOWN, ALLEMAND"

Put your head down—
Put your head down—
This evening in the gym of your school.
We're going to beat you,
We're going to beat you,
If you think you'll win this game,
You'll have to think again.
You're going to lose your rep this very day;
Put your head down—.

"CHEER, GIRLS, CHEER" (Hot Time)

Cheer, girls, cheer, T. W. has the ball,
If we don't win we'll play no more this fall;
When we hit that line there will be no line at all,
And there'll be a hot time in College tonight.

See that ball go marching to the goal,
It would not stop to save its measly soul,
Old ————, crawl back into your hole,
There'll be a hot time in College tonight.

When you see T. W. C. come by,
With a gladsome step and a twinkle in their eye,
You can bet six bits to a piece of lemon pie,
There'll be a hot time in College tonight.

(TUNE: OVER THERE)

Oma, get the ball, get the ball, get the ball,
Hear us as we call, as we call, as we call,
They are calling as we plead to go on to victory.
Hurry right away, don't delay, win the day;
Make your President beam to have had such a team;
Make the college proud of you and proud of the gold and blue.

Catch the ball, catch the ball,
Hear the word, hear the word, don't let it fall,
That the champs are coming, the champs are coming,
The cheers are sounding round the wall.
Increase your rate, don't delay,
Hear the word, hear the word, watch your mate,
We'll be champions, we're going to be champions,
And we will not stop 'til we're champions of the state.

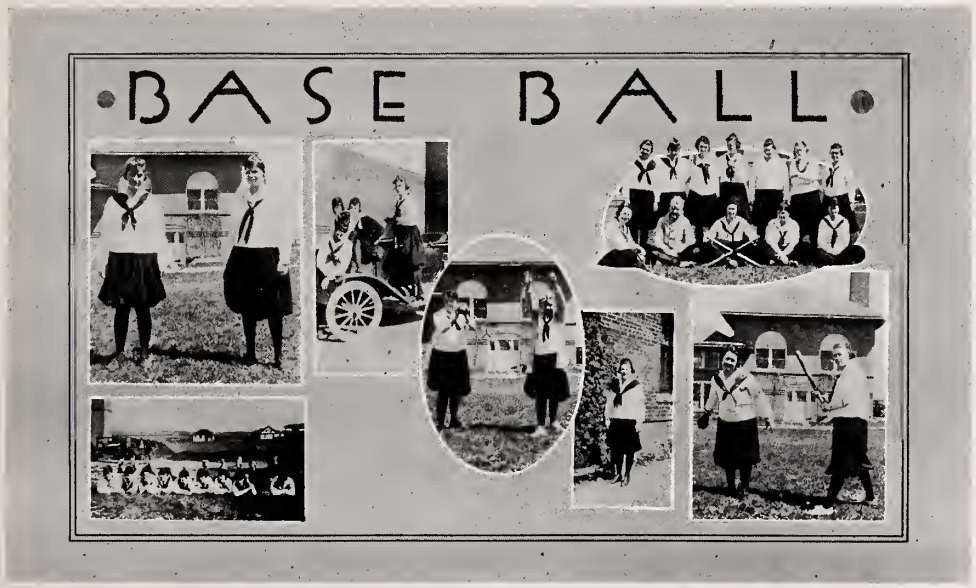
TO THE TUNE OF "MY GIRL'S AS SWEET AS SHE CAN BE, SHE GOES TO T. W. C."

Our team is simply great,
It's best in all the state,
Just watch their skillful play,
Gee, we could cheer all day.
They're good sports just the same
If they should lose the game.
How do we know?
The world says so.

"THE DYING MOTHER"

"Don't send my girl to C. I. A.,"
A dying mother said,
"Don't send my girl to T. C. U., I'd
Rather see her dead.
Now Texas Woman's College
Is the place she ought to be,
And rather than to S. M. U.
Just drown her in the sea."

TENNIS


BASE BALL

'NEVERYTHING CIRCUS AT T. W. C. GYM

"Right this way to buy your pop-corn and red lemonade. Hamburgers! Hamburgers! Buy your girl a hamburger, mister!"

Amid the glare of lights, the blare of horns, and "spielers" for the "Most Remarkable Shows on Earth," the growls of the animals, the big black bears, giraffes, elephants, racoons—in fact, the greatest collection of unusual and interesting specimens of the animal kingdom, with the usual large, surging crowd on hand early in order to see the menagerie—the circus opened at the gym Tuesday night, November 12.

From the minute the doors were opened and we released our twenty-five cents, until the last act of the acrobats, the chorus girls, and the clever monkeys that refused to be called again, and the Far-Famed Band had played its last lingering notes, we declared the "Circus" put on by the Wilsonian Literary Society of the Academy to be one of the most unusual, most clever, and most absolutely satisfying shows that has ever been staged by any club, society, or what not in the history of T. W. C.

We fed the animals, throwing peanuts away with a freehand, as the war is over and Thrift Stamps are a thing of the past. We speculated upon our ancestry being connected with the monkey tribe—and for the first time in our lives didn't care if it was. We were thrilled over the grand parade and the animal fair, patting our feet and nodding our heads to the irresistible tunes that the band was playing! Then came the bicycle stars and the tight-rope walkers! Girls Howdy! Those were wonderful artists! The acrobats, too, swung in the air at a stupendous altitude, gracefully skinned the cat, almost stood on their heads, and did just lots of things. Oh, yes, those bare-back riders—one of the blue ribbon horses became a little excited because of the noise of the crowd, but when rescued soon fell again into his smart paces. The riders were superb, matchless, and "splend-grandolist." And we would not forget the chorus who tripped so fantastically while they sang themselves into our very hearts. And their fellow artists, the clowns, were right there in every act, all painted up, with their funny doings and mimic ways. They gave a band concert, too—a grand affair, though rather camouflaged as far as real music was concerned; but who could create rhythm and harmony from a broomstick and such unless it be one of the Domestic Art and Science girls?

Three cheers for the Wilsonian Literary Society, our new and active organization!

THE BILLY SUNDAY MEETINGS

It was at lunch one day that this announcement was made: "Girls, this is students' night at the Billy Sunday meeting. Every girl is expected to go, and Billy wants us to yell; and, girls, you know we simply must beat T. C. U. So we'll have yell practice in the back parlor right after lunch. Don't forget it and everybody come."

Everybody did come. Voices were pitched low to keep those yelling from getting hoarse. Many clever yells were given, especially fifteen rahs for Ma Sunday and Billy. We learned them by numbers, too, that we might give them without waiting an hour for the back seat to learn what they intended doing at the front.

Of course we wanted to yell better than anyone else. A yell leader was appointed for each car so we could practice on our way to the coliseum. When we got there we joined hands and went in singing "T. W. C. Has Just Came to Town—Oh, Billy, Ain't You Happy?" Everybody else gave yells then we gave ours, louder and peppier than anyone else, even T. C. U. Then all was quiet while Billy preached. You couldn't even hear a cough, for hadn't Billy taught us to cough softly, and with handkerchiefs over our mouths? And T. W. C. girls always obey. Then all was over, and we came home but not to stay, for we did the same thing every Friday night while the meeting lasted.

For an entire week the chapel hour at T. W. C. was devoted to messages from the Sunday party. Mrs. Sunday, Miss Grace Saxe, Mrs. Ashur, and Billy himself spoke and the girls derived a great deal of inspiration and help from these meetings.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

Only the ones who have lived during the Great War and who realize what it has cost in lives and broken hearts can understand the real significance of Peace.

About three o'clock in the morning of November 11, 1918, T. W. C. received the news that the armistice had been signed. Sleep and pleasant dreams were forgotten and all the girls began at once to celebrate the great victory. They marched in a parade over the campus and aroused all the nearby inhabitants by beating pans, blowing horns and shouting.

The celebration in the downtown district began early Monday morning. All the stores closed and everyone came out to give vent to his enthusiasm. All day and until after midnight, the streets and walks were thronged with the happiest crowd of people that had been seen since the beginning of the war.

The clamor of bells, the tooting of horns, the clash of tin-pans, the ringing shots of guns and the sound of wild laughter were almost deafening. Those whose hearts had been so full of anxiety and dread for many months gave way to their pent-up feelings in wild demonstrations of joy.

In the afternoon a parade was given to promote the United War Work Campaign. The parade had been planned for November 11 with no thought that a celebration for the signing of an armistice would be held on that day.

The spirit represented by the various floats, however, fitted in remarkably well with the spirit of the day.

The military companies of T. W. C. creditably demonstrated their training by marching in the parade in military formation under Captain Marjorie Goodman.

A PLEA

Read carefully, O Reader,
Each page herein.
A poem wrong in meter,
On a sensitive ear, may din.

Your picture may not flatter,
Will you say, "It can't matter"?
Tho' with careful eye you read,
No critic is in need.

Reader, could you only know
Of many things which will not show;
Troubles and trials on their heads
Cause staffs to weep hard in their beds.

We only say to you, see
If you cannot more lenient be
In your hasty, spoken judgment.
We thank you for all kindness lent
And only hope it's not mis-spent.

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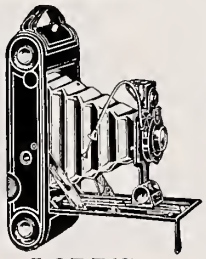

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WALKER BREAD COMPANY

Big Dandy Bread

C. D. WALLER, General Sales Manager

Phone Lamar 1780 Fort Worth, Texas

Compliments of

HARRIS SANITARY DAIRY

Lamar 732 Fort Worth, Texas

Fort Worth's Fastest Growing Department Store

L. G. GILBERT

OUTFITTERS TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Cor. Third and Houston through to Main

DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY

ESTABLISHED
1881

MITCHELL-GREER COMPANY

TEXAS' GREATEST JEWELERS

Where Shopping is a Pleasure

THE GIFT STORE

Alive with suggestions for the graduate

We specialize in class rings, pins, fraternity
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THE HOUSE OF DIAMONDS

VICTOR RECORDS

912-914 MAIN
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

VICTOR VICTROLAS

Engagement Rings Wrist Watches Wedding Rings

IF YOU LIKE GOOD EATS, GOOD SERVICE
AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP, EAT AT

JOSEPH'S CAFE

Ninth and Houston Streets
LOOK FOR THE ELECTRIC FLAG
We Are Prepared to Serve Parties, Both Large and Small

POLYTECHNIC BAKERY

Eat and Be Happy
At 3208 Ave. F.
Next Door to P. O.

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies
Each Day

Rosedale 6284

Where Shoe Repairing Is An Art

ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP
of Polytechnic

We pay return postage on work sent to us. Try our mail order system.

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PRINTERS

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SMART

SHOP

EXCLUSIVE STYLES

REFLECTING BEAUTY

INDIVIDUALITY AND DISTINCTION

702 Main Street Fort Worth

Compliments of

THE LOWDON PRINTING COMPANY

39 Jennings Avenue Lamar 364

Columbia Grafonolas and Records

Make Our Store Your Headquarters for Music

TYPEWRITER SUPPLY COMPANY

802 Main Street Fort Worth

FOR SALE

Some three hundred May Fete costumes in good condition

A BARGAIN

HEAD'S SHOE STORE

The Shop of Style and Service

811½ Houston Upstairs

WM. SCHMIDT

WHOLESALE PRODUCE

Butter, Eggs, Poultry

315 East First Street

Phone Lamar Long Distance 633

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Wedding, Birthday and Fancy Cakes

Made to Order

1108 Houston St. Fort Worth

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HOME VEGETABLE COMPANY

Fruit—Produce—Green Vegetables

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Artist Supplies

CAMPBELL GLASS & PAINT CO.

708 Houston Street Fort Worth

CHANTLY'S CAFE

BEST PLACE TO EAT

107 W. Ninth Street L. 3855

Compliments of

METROPOLITAN HOTEL

The Place to Stay When In Fort Worth

911 Main Street L. 4355

INDIVIDUAL FASHIONS FOR WOMEN

GOWNS, DRESSES, SUITS, ETC.

That Are Permanently Correct At Popular Prices

THE VOGUE

Largest Exclusive Women's-Wear Shop in Fort Worth

509-11 Houston Street

Compliments of

LEE TIRE SALES COMPANY

715 Commerce Street

Fort Worth

A. J. ANDERSON

Tenth and Houston Street Fort Worth

SPORTING GOODS

Established 1877

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H. W. WILLIAMS & COMPANY

Wholesale Druggists

Fort Worth, Texas

VEIHL-CRAWFORD HARDWARE COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail

FOR EVERYTHING

SEEGAR REFRIGERATORS, JEWEL RANGES, LAWN MOWERS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, SPORTING GOODS

THE GIFT SHOP

HAS MANY APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR THE JUNE BRIDE AND THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

Collins Art Company

NEXT TO THE WESTBROOK 405 HOUSTON ST.

[illegible] don't [illegible] you'll [illegible] forget me, as we [illegible] "[illegible]" in French.
Always remember me as one of your true
T. W. C. Pals.
Allen Carpenter, Eddy, Texas.

Dear Annice:
I'll be the happiest little "chile" in the morning. Annice you don't know how much I have enjoyed being with you this year. Always remember me as one of your friends in T. W. C.
May 29, 1919. Opal Rae
Seminole Okla.

My dearest:
Don't ever forget the year 1918-19 in T. W. C., nor one of your friends.
Bernice Lee,
Graford, Texas.

Dear Annice,
I have enjoyed being associated with you this year and hope you wont forget me after we have gone.
I love you lots,
Annie Noe
[illegible]

Dear Annice:
I write my name so you will not forget me. [illegible]
[illegible]

I love you lots but you already know that don't you cause I'm always so good to you.

Your own

Dear Annie:

Haven't we had weeds of fun in T. W. C. this year? I'll never forget this year, and everything that has happened. You beat me out of the best roommate I have ever had in this college. Won't we have lots of fun this summer – you with Robert, and I with Frank? I didn't know you very well when we came to T. W. C. but the more I have known you the better I like you. You can't have Mr. Boan at all. (That is if I can get him).

"Lis"

Lerita Simmons

Weatherford Texas.

I love you little, I love you
I love you like a little

Mabel Malon
Corsicana

Dearest when you grow old
and can not see put on
specks and think

Ann
Annie forever,
[illegible]
[illegible]
I hope —

[illegible]
[illegible]

Annie Darling:—
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Annie:

[illegible] love you [illegible]
[illegible] do, and
value your [illegible]
[illegible]

Lovingly,
Norma [illegible]
[illegible]

When you think of the good
[illegible] Conscience" think of
[illegible] friend.

[illegible] B. [illegible]
Thornbury, Texas.

[illegible]
[illegible] a sweet
[illegible] love you.
[illegible] Frank F. please
[illegible] I think
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]